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# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 484, Vol. 19.

February 4, 1865.

PRICE 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## THE LEEDS REFORM MEETING.

THE son of Lord JOHN RUSSELL commences his political career with obvious advantages. In England, even democratic politicians share the national respect for hereditary privileges. The son of an eminent statesman, like the heir of a great house, begins where other men only end their preliminary career, with an audience and a recognised position, and he enjoys an additional advantage in the sympathy which naturally attends upon youth. Although no importance can be attached to the opinions of a novice, there is a certain interest in hearing the ancestral doctrines reasserted with the confident fluency of credulous inexperience. Lord AMBERLEY finds a model, not in the elderly and contented colleague of Lord PALMERSTON, but in the active and vehement Reformer of forty years ago. It was not by resting and being thankful that Lord JOHN RUSSELL rose through patriotism into power, and his son adopts the paternal course as naturally as a young tailor takes his seat on his father's shopboard. Lord RUSSELL has persuaded his own family, as well as himself and a large portion of the world, that he was the author of the great Reform Bill; and it occurs to Lord AMBERLEY that he also can do nothing better than remodel the Constitution. It is true that, if he succeeds, he will undo the work of 1832; but it is impossible to become a Reformer except by changing what happens to exist. At the meeting at Leeds Lord AMBERLEY said nearly what he might have been expected to say, and he may be readily pardoned for deficiencies and mistakes which are compatible with the respectable abilities which he seems to possess. According to the common saying, boys will be boys in their levity, recklessness, and imprudence; and it is equally true that young men will be young men in the exhibition of qualities of an apparently opposite kind. Diffidence, geniality, humour, moderation, and many other political and social virtues, are for the most part only acquired in maturer life. Youth is, in the conduct of serious affairs, dogmatic and pompous and pedantic, and, if it finds itself placed on a pedestal, it always attributes the artificial elevation to its own commanding stature. Older and wiser bystanders watch the little foibles of the young, and especially the solemn coxcombry of their demeanour, with a toleration not unmixed with envy. The meeting at Leeds would not have listened to a reforming angel of twenty-three unless he had been the son of a popular nobleman; but Lord AMBERLEY was perfectly excusable for kicking down the ladder by which he had climbed the platform, and displaying a lofty contempt for the artificial distinctions of rank, and for the ancient organization with which they are inseparably connected.

Having spoken with patronizing indulgence of Mr. BAINES's comparatively moderate Bill, Lord AMBERLEY declared himself an adherent, on principle, of the doctrine of universal suffrage. He admitted, indeed, that "if such extreme measures as this" are to be allowed, we shall be making a violent change in "the character of the Constitution. For my own part, then, "I have no objection to violent changes in the character of "the Constitution, provided they are changes for the better." It is, of course, not to be expected that a young gentleman fresh from the schoolroom should appreciate the objection which all responsible politicians entertain to violent changes in a Constitution which they have learned to appreciate and understand. The heir of an earldom of four years' standing might have been expected to speak with ordinary respect of the body of which he is destined to be a member; but Lord AMBERLEY forgot that he had not earned his title by public services of his own, or even by competitive examination. Having occasion to discuss the objection to universal suffrage which certain theorists deduce from the imperfect spread of education, Lord AMBERLEY sagaciously reminded his audience that even the highest Assembly in the country is not exclusively composed of accomplished statesmen. "Let me ask you to

"fix your attention for a minute on that venerable and respected "body, the House of Lords. If you look at the House of "Lords you will find some, no doubt, who are able men and "admirably fitted for the seats they have in that body, but I "am assured you will find others who, coming into their seat "simply by hereditary right, are not so fitted. You will find "some who have no political education worthy of the name— "who cannot be said to have any political convictions, be- "cause they simply adopt the opinions of their family, and "cannot be said either from their talents, or for any other "reason, to be fitted for the exercise of the great privilege of "sitting in the House of Lords. Yet these men, whose "range of political ideas is confined within narrow limits, "are permitted to sit and vote in the House, and obstruct the "legislation of the country." The young candidate for the representation of Leeds looks without displeasure or regret to the existence of democracy. "I believe you will find "that those distinctions which democracy tends to get rid "of are not real and natural distinctions, but artificial "distinctions created by society." The speaker's serene unconsciousness that his father's peerage and his own titular rank are artificial distinctions created by society is as characteristic as his simple-minded sneer at persons who sit by hereditary right, and not by merit, in an hereditary assembly, especially when they adopt the opinions of their family. The courtier who reminded his sovereign that kings were themselves but ceremonies might advantageously extend his warning to other privileged favourites of fortune. It is natural that a young man of quality should be conceited, but an amiable vanity would cling rather to his rank than to his personal eminence; yet it would be harsh to reprove seriously one of the commonest of failings, especially as Lord AMBERLEY's love for democracy, if not his confidence in himself, will assuredly disappear with advancing years. On the whole, Lord RUSSELL may be congratulated on a successor who commences his political life in a loyal spirit of imitation by "simply adopting the opinions "of his family." When, at some distant period, the second Earl of the name "takes his seat in the House of Lords "merely by hereditary right," he will, even if "his whole "range of political ideas is still confined within narrow "limits," know better than to "obstruct the legislation of "the country" by democratic declamation.

The more serious promoters of the Reform agitation good-naturedly waived the honours of the occasion in favour of the young aspirant. Their own speeches were chiefly remarkable for the increasing frequency and openness of the avowal that the proposed extension of the franchise is but a step towards universal suffrage and equal electoral districts. Mr. BAINES "cannot recognize that there is real freedom on the part of "those classes which are excluded from the franchise," and it follows that the admission of 6l. householders to electoral rights would still exclude from the enjoyment of freedom the greater part of the community. "Three-fourths of the many "millions of this country are shut out from the enjoyment of "the rights and immunities which peculiarly characterize free "men"; nor can the evil, if it is an evil, be remedied by any change which is not co-extensive with the alleged anomaly. Mr. BAINES afterwards says that his Bill would increase the number of borough voters 48 per cent., and that the working men, forming one-third of a constituency, will not be able to swamp the existing electors. Mr. BAINES is an honest and sensible man, but he can hardly expect to convince moderate and dispassionate politicians by alternately presenting to their choice the abstract Rights of Man and the 6l. borough franchise. He is perfectly justified in his assertion that the best portion of the working classes in the manufacturing towns are qualified to exercise the franchise; but, if every man who has a right to freedom has also a right to a vote, it is superfluous to consider any question of fitness. Mr. BAINES himself boasts that Mr. BRIGHT, the deadly enemy of the English

Constitution, has never proposed in the House of Commons the violent changes which he has often advocated before applauding mobs. He voted for Lord RUSSELL's Bill, for Mr. BAINES's, and for Mr. LOCKE KING's, probably because he considered that each of these measures was not only expedient itself, but an indispensable condition of more extensive innovations. Mr. BRIGHT well knows that the poorer class of voters who would be admitted by a reduction of the qualification would, to a man, support further projects which would enable them to swamp the existing constituencies. Those who conscientiously believe that, in England, democracy would be destructive of freedom are compelled, in spite of clamour and of misrepresentation, to support the conclusion which the present Parliament has deliberately and unwillingly formed.

Mr. FORSTER has come round to the opinion which Mr. BAINES expressed at Bradford, that the last Session before an election will afford an especially favourable opportunity for pressing forward measures of Reform. There is certainly no stage of Parliamentary existence in which patriotic scruples will contend so disadvantageously with selfish personal interests. Mr. BAINES and Mr. FORSTER have a perfect right to profit by the indirect motives which may probably influence their unwilling allies. If Lord PALMERSTON accepts their advice, he may dissolve on a popular issue, at the sacrifice of all reputation for sincerity and firmness. The hopes of the Reformers are however directed to a younger leader, and one of the resolutions affirmed the confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE which is perhaps but hesitatingly felt. All the speakers at the meeting, including Lord AMBERLEY, approved of the proposition that the burden of proving unfitness for the franchise rests upon the objector. It was also stated, with undeniable truth, that the principle of universal suffrage necessarily follows from the demand that an impossible negative shall be proved. Mr. BAINES is bound to show that 54 householders are corrupt or factious, although, in common with Mr. FORSTER, he hopes that they will ultimately be admitted to vote. No attempt was made to answer the arguments which have been repeatedly urged against the disfranchisement of the present constituencies. Their advocates ask in vain, in imitation of Mr. GLADSTONE, for a proof that they are unfit any longer to exercise the power which they have possessed from the time of the Reform Bill. It would be unreasonable to complain of politicians because they devote themselves rather to the encouragement and organization of their own party than to the task of persuading their antagonists, or of determining neutral opinion; but the speeches delivered at Leeds are proper for an agitation, and not for a controversy.

#### THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE REFRACTORY BISHOPS.

THE proceedings instituted by the Imperial Government against the Archbishop of BESANÇON and the Bishop of MOULINS are not of a nature calculated to terrify the most nervous of martyrs. In his conflict with the POPE, His IMPERIAL MAJESTY piques himself on firing nothing but blank cartridge; and the MINISTER of the INTERIOR has given strict orders to the Procureur-Général to aim over the heads of the Right Reverend ringleaders. The *Appel comme d'Abus* is an ancient national institution, in virtue of which the Council of State at the present day decides whether it shall or shall not pronounce null and void the acts of any ecclesiastic who has abused the privileges of his religious authority. The process being purely administrative, the offending prelates are not heard in self-defence; and as a censure in such cases is the penalty, the pious, whose kingdom is not of this world, are naturally indifferent both as to the conduct and the result of the investigation. It is strange that successive French Governments, and successive generations of French canonists and lawyers, should with such jealousy uphold an abortive process, which may trace back a fabulous origin to St. LOUIS, but which would appear singularly unfitted in its present shape to repress the fanaticism of an Ultramontane clergy. Such, however, is the case; and the importance which is attributed to it by RICHELIEU, FEVRET, and D'HERICOURT countenances the enthusiasm with which modern writers have spoken of a formal inquiry which is too gentle to control ecclesiastical insolence, and yet too public to be destitute of scandal. No less strange are the invectives which have been lavished by the Papal party on what, in their eyes, is a relic of barbarous and tyrannical custom. Twenty years ago, M. MONTALEMBERT, in the Chamber of Peers, directed the thunders of his eloquence against the "odious jurisdiction," in religious matters, of the Council of State. With the venial inconsistency of an orator,

he went on to prove that the jurisdiction in question was ineffective, as well as odious. His language is a mere reflection of innumerable complaints which, during the last sixty years, have been launched by Catholics of every rank—with Cardinal CAPRARA, the POPE's Legate, at their head—against the various organic articles of the Convention of 1801. But the history of these very sixty years proves conclusively that the *Appel comme d'Abus*, in the hands of the Executive of the day, has been neither a formidable nor a successful engine of persecution. There have been some eighty censures of the sort passed in due form upon the ministers of the Church of Rome since the law of April 8, 1802. To judge from the number, it may be inferred that the Catholic world has not found the disapproval of the several State Councils a burden too heavy to be borne. The Bishop of MOULINS himself is a living proof that episcopal vigour and cheerfulness may survive the shock. In 1857 the Council of State publicly condemned him for three egregious pieces of episcopal assumption in his diocese; and seven years later the Bishop reappears smiling on the stage, and, with undiminished zest, once again defies all the powers of the Empire. There cannot be much sting in a tribunal whose victims are so vivacious, although ecclesiastical cats are known to have many lives; and the Bishop of MOULINS and the Archbishop of BESANÇON will probably receive with placidity the news that the EMPEROR's State Council again consider them in the wrong.

To a certain extent, however, the Appeal for Abuse has certainly been shorn of its historical dignity and significance, and stands as a mere imitation and mockery of its former splendid self. In its ancient shape under the monarchy, it was an appeal, not to any mere Council of State, but to the Grand Chamber of the Parliament. The Empire has hardly preserved the shadow, and has lost the substance altogether. If PIERRE PITHOU were to wake up and review the change, he would find little cause for passing on the modern institution the panegyric of which he thought the original foundation worthy. "Encore est très-remarquable," says the famous editor of the *Liberties of the Gallican Church*, "la singulière prudence de nos majeurs en ce que telles appellations se jugent, non par des personnes pures layes seulement, mais par la grande chambre du parlement, qui est le liet et le siège de justice du royaume, composée de nombre égal de personnes, tant ecclésiastiques que non ecclésiastiques, même pour les personnes des pairs de la Couronne." In exchange for such a court, the Council of State under the NAPOLEON dynasty offers us scarcely a serious equivalent. It is almost an accident that there has been no further reform. In the unratified Convention of 1817, between the restored BOURBONS and PIUS VII., it was stipulated that the cognizance of these appeals should for the future be transferred to the Royal tribunals of justice, whose magistrates, independent and irremovable, might be supposed to be secure from all suspicion of profane servility. But the Restoration was too feeble to resist the tide of public opinion which pronounced against the drift and details of the new Concordat, and the pious reforms on which the Vatican had counted were not exposed to the certain vote of the dissatisfied French Chambers. Jurisconsults, however, of every political party have more than once concurred in recommending the transfer of the Appeal for Abuse to the legal atmosphere of the law courts. There is doubtless something inconvenient in a system which converts an Imperial Council into a Court of Cassation, with power to deprive of their legal validity the acts of the most overweening prelate. The Church herself might not always gain by being judged by lawyers instead of politicians. But it cannot be denied that the organic articles of the Convention of 1801 have, from the first, been displeasing to the Papacy. The decisions of the Council of State are possibly ineffectual to restrain the wild zeal of the Archbishops and Bishops; but they are at least a valid protection to such of the inferior clergy as are dissatisfied with the arbitrary violence of their superiors, and, in the eyes of the civil power, would justify the inferiors in insubordination. With more casuistry than success, the friends of the Vatican are fond, accordingly, of arguing that the laws of 1802, though imposed upon the French nation, have never been sanctioned by the Church; and M. MONTALEMBERT—in earlier days, when speech was free—used to proclaim roundly that the Church would never acquiesce in a legislation so detestable and unjust. Coercive laws are usually considered rank oppression by the class which they are designed to control. Nor is it customary for a great Empire to treat its code as inoperative until the POPE has bestowed his blessing and approval on it. Proof, however, would not be difficult to discover—if proof were needed—that the acquiescence of the Catholic Church in the Organic Articles



of 1801 has been sufficiently, even if grudgingly, given. The annuity yearly paid to the Catholic Church by the State alone in France amounts probably to nearly two millions of our English money. Of this sum the Archbishops and Bishops who are so indignant at the tyranny of the Empire absorb about 60,000*l.* It is impossible for the most eminent body of saints, in one and the same breath, to accept a liberal State gratuity and to protest that they do not acknowledge the justice of the State's enactments. When the French prelates who are Senators cease to be Senators and refund their past salaries, and when the French Bishops who are not Senators decline to accept any further payments from an impious Administration, the hierarchy will acquire the right, which at present it does not enjoy, of reproaching France with the injustice of its Constitution. The position of Orleanists and Legitimists of the true type is intelligible, if it is in many respects unwise. They do not acknowledge the lawfulness of the present régime. They accept, however, no favours from it. But a Church which consistently receives alms with one hand, and flourishes defiance with the other, loses in time its claim to be patiently heard upon the inexhaustible subject of its wrongs.

It might, however, be more decorous were the Imperial Government permanently to transfer to some judicial and impartial body the task of arbitration between the rival dignities of State and Church. In the present condition of French society, all possible Administrations—Legitimist, Orleanist, or Imperial—must wear towards the Catholic clergy an attitude of reserve, if not of absolute antagonism. To refer the Appeal for Abuse to any Council of State, in days like these, seems to foreign eyes something like making CÆSAR judge in his own quarrels. If, indeed, a clear offence against the law has been committed by French prelates or their clergy, the civil or the criminal code can always be put in motion. But, if the institution of the Appeal for Abuse has any value at all, its merit ought to consist in relieving all parties from the necessity of making religious disputes a question of correctional police. Where a solemn protest against Ultramontane aggression is wanted, the protest would come with more legitimate force from the ministers of the law than from the agents and advisers of the Crown. Where a solemn protest is *not* wanted, the censure of the Council of State is only an irritation and an insult to those against whom it is directed. Yet, even in its present condition, the Appeal serves some good purposes. There may be times when the object of the State is rather to snub than to crush some reverend champion of intolerance. Such would seem to be the case at this moment. The little warfare now raging between the Empire and Ultramontanism resembles the puny conflict in which card-playing spinsters engage who desire to be at once spiteful and polite. The POPE's Encyclical, however aggravating, was never meant to be a deadly blow to the French Empire. Nor was the Circular with which M. BAROCHE returned the POPE's fire ever meant to keep a document from the knowledge of the religious world which had already been published and criticized in every journal in Europe. When, in his turn, the Archbishop of BESANÇON mounted his Sunday pulpit, and mumbled over a page or two of Latin, which the initiated discovered soon afterwards to have been a letter from the POPE, the Archbishop scarcely flattered himself that he was facing martyrdom. The last thing he thought of, as a salaried Senator, was a *duel à l'outrance* between himself and the hand that provides him with purple. He only wished to act up to his character—to maintain his dignity as a Cardinal, and to run a little pin into M. BAROCHE. It is now the turn of the Minister again. There is not going to be any bloodshed, but it is according to all the rules that the Minister should let off his pistol, though it be only in the air. Smiling in his sleeve, and careful to observe the necessary punctilios, M. BAROCHE, as is his province, pokes up the State Council, who are kept chained behind the scenes, and produces a conventional roar. It will not hurt the good Archbishop, and everybody knows that there is no danger. As soon as the roar is over, the comedy will be played out, and all sides will feel relieved at having done their duty.

#### ITALY.

ITALIAN Unity is still an experiment, although its permanence is rendered more probable by every successive year which adds to expediency and right the indispensable sanction of habit. In the Neapolitan provinces and in Sicily, an imperfectly civilized population is still incapable of appreciating freedom and national greatness, and in all parts of the peninsula the greater number of the clergy continue to propa-

gate disaffection. Roads, and railways, and education will perhaps gradually elevate the Southern Italians to the level of the Tuscans, the Lombards, and the Piedmontese; and the soldiers who have served their time in the army will, on their return to their homes, be missionaries of order and of patriotism. The revolution, however, began from above, and the educated classes, under the guidance of statesmen of their choice, are still charged with the responsibility of bringing their enterprise to a successful conclusion. The rulers of Italy are happily not unequal to their arduous task, for no European community has of late years displayed so much firmness, sagacity, and moderation. The Parliament may have its faults, but it has systematically avoided the opposite errors of servility and faction. Its leaders have contrived to maintain a good understanding with the Crown, while they have preserved the confidence of the nation. Even an unpopular Ministry was allowed to hold office until it was overthrown by fair constitutional opposition; and the representatives of the people have understood that they were bound to discharge unwelcome liabilities which had been incurred by the official advisers of the Crown. The MINGHETTI Ministry neither deserved nor obtained general respect, but Italian politicians respect themselves and their country. It was doubtful whether the change of capital, imposed as a condition of the evacuation of Rome, was the only method of securing a concession which the French Government would certainly not have offered except under the influence of motives of its own. CAVOUR might have made a more advantageous bargain, and RICASOLI would perhaps have declined the entire transaction as incompatible with national dignity; but when the compact had been made, all Italian statesmen were agreed in their determination to abide by its terms. General LA MARMORA contrived, in the diplomatic correspondence with France, to reserve all future possibilities; and General CIALDINI satisfied the just susceptibility of his countrymen by a powerful argument, which purported to prove the military necessity of the removal from Turin to Florence. It was admitted that, in the particular case, a certain deference to the wishes of France was allowable and expedient; but distinct notice was given that Italy was not disposed to recognise the claim of a permanent protectorate.

It would not have been proper to communicate to a foreign Government the grave dissatisfaction which had been caused both by the Convention itself and by the hasty manner in which the negotiation was managed. Domestic justice was executed by the immediate overthrow of MINGHETTI's Government, and no further action would have been required but for the untoward event of the Turin disturbances, and the excesses which had been committed against the alleged rioters by the military and the police. According to the universal opinion, the Ministers had been virtually responsible for the wanton injuries which the soldiery inflicted on the crowd. They had neither foreseen the excusable expression of discontent which naturally followed the degradation of Turin from the rank of a capital, nor had they taken any measures to suppress the movement with the least possible rigour. According to the statement of the Ministers themselves, the defence of public order was, from the first, entrusted to General DELLA ROCCA, but the Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has given credence to the contrary allegation of the General himself. Police agents, unacquainted with the city and its inhabitants, were summoned from distant parts of the kingdom, and the first troops who were brought into collision with the populace were raw and inexperienced conscripts, who were probably as much frightened and confused as the Ministers themselves. No antagonist of MINGHETTI attributed to him or to his colleagues any deliberate cruelty; but it was certain that PERUZZI, the Minister of the Interior, had taken no effectual measures for the preservation of order, and that the *Gazette of Turin*, the official journal, had offered the original provocation by referring to the city of Turin in slighting terms. The first assemblage broke a single pane of glass in the window of the newspaper-office, and it was dispersed for the moment by a friend of the proprietor, armed with a stick. The same crowd was afterwards charged by policemen with drawn swords, when it was merely engaged in the comparatively harmless occupation of hissing and groaning. When the demonstration afterwards became more serious, the soldiers fired without orders, and, according to invariable experience in such cases, many peaceable persons were wounded or killed. The Committee published a voluminous Report, in which all the proceedings are recorded in the fullest detail. The general tendency of the statement was extremely unfavourable to the late Ministers, but

prudence or justice suggested the expression of an opinion that they were not directly responsible for the unfortunate catastrophe. The exculpatory passages of the document were thought to be the result of a political compromise, and it was not known whether Parliament, on full discussion, would be equally equitable or lenient.

Fortunately, the characteristic good sense of Italian statesmen provided the means of evading an irritating and dangerous controversy. A mere court of justice is bound to entertain all complaints, without regard to public or private convenience; but a legislative assembly may, for sufficient reasons of general interest, decline to punish, and even to inquire. The ex-Ministers, notwithstanding their unpopularity, have still a following in the Chamber; and any measure in the nature of an impeachment would have caused a division of parties on an issue of no immediate practical importance. It was also worth while to recognise the unavoidable discontent of Turin on the eve of its subsidence to the level of a provincial city. Burning embers everywhere underlay the surface at a trifling depth, and wisdom dictated a speedy withdrawal from the dangerous ground. Before the debate on the Report commenced, the leaders of all parties but the Extreme-Left had agreed, after some negotiation, to evade an inconvenient discussion; and, as if to prove that judicious silence was not a consequence of any indirect motive, Baron RICASOLI, who has never been accused of a worse fault than impracticable adherence to principle, undertook to move a resolution which was equivalent to the previous question. The accused Ministers themselves prudently acquiesced in a compromise which implied that they were not wholly exonerated in the judgment of the Chamber; and, after a debate of moderate length, the motion was carried by a majority of two to one. Baron RICASOLI has been blamed for refusing to accede to an amendment which would have pledged the Chamber to agreement with the Report of the Committee. It seems probable that the majority concurred with the conclusions of the Report, and it would undoubtedly have been desirable to rally the Liberal Opposition to a policy of conciliation. Yet it must be remembered that Baron RICASOLI was the mouthpiece of the different parties who had agreed on the terms of compromise, and he was therefore probably not at liberty to alter the proposed resolution so as to make the imputation on the ex-Ministers either more or less pointed and severe.

The dissatisfied party of action or agitation takes advantage of the dissent of the ultra-Liberal members to renew its efforts to excite popular feeling in Turin, but the more intelligent people of Northern Italy have hitherto shown their sound political instinct by reposing confidence in the decisions of the representative body. If a Government, after suppressing a riot with undue violence, had avowed its determination to adopt the same course in future emergencies, it would have been the duty of Parliament to institute a careful inquiry, and to exact a strict account from the authors of the irregular proceeding. But an acknowledged blunder is not likely to be drawn into a precedent, and Italian Ministers have received sufficient notice that they will be held liable for the excesses of policemen or of soldiers. In the happy days of absolutism, a similar collision at Parma or at Naples would have been followed by innumerable arrests, if not by a state of siege, and the soldiers who had fired on the mob would, without further investigation, have been praised and rewarded. Power is now transferred to the hands of those who sympathize with the community at large rather than with the instruments of the Executive Government. The Chamber might, without any actual injustice, have earned a cheap popularity by prosecuting with extreme rigour the obnoxious Ministers who had allowed troops to fire on the multitude. It has proved its good sense and its patriotic feeling by promoting concord to the best of its ability, at the risk of temporary misapprehension and calumny. The trifling attempts at disturbance which have lately been provoked or suggested by the vote of the Chamber have given the Government and the municipal authorities an opportunity of showing that they have profited by experience. Order has been restored without violence by the appearance of a competent civic force, and the Chamber has at the same time summarily suppressed a mischievous proposal for renewing the discussion, under the pretext of compensating the victims of the collision in September.

#### THE QUEEN AND THE RAILWAYS.

THERE is something almost humiliating in the simple pathos of the QUEEN's Circular to the Railway Companies—humiliating, that is, to the great corporations incul-

pated, and humiliating also to our national self-respect. As far as HER MAJESTY is concerned, the issue of a document so unusual is only a fresh proof of that unaffected and domestic interest in all that concerns the happiness and safety of her subjects which has been so frequently and so fully evinced by the highest personage in the State. No doubt the QUEEN has the same right as any one of her subjects to form—and, having formed, to express—a personal opinion on railway management, or on any other large subject of social convenience or necessity. Indeed she has, in this, the surface aspect of the matter, extraordinary and special reasons for speaking. The QUEEN is, in one way or another, perhaps the largest customer of the railways as regards their passenger traffic. She and her family, her Court, her Ministers, her Council, her messengers, her servants, are constant railway travellers. She is always exposed, in the persons of those very near to her, to the common dangers—while, in her own person, she is accommodated with the exceptional safeguards—which the Companies are equally able to dispense. Just, therefore, as “a Constant Traveller” or “a Season Ticket-holder” writes to the *Times* about his grievances or his fears, so Sir CHARLES PHIPPS is commissioned to convey in a formal rescript the Royal anxieties and the Royal convictions on the duties of Directors. But the worst of the matter is that HER MAJESTY is compelled almost to risk the imputation of compromising in some measure her exalted and paramount station by interfering in such a matter at all. It ought not to be necessary for the QUEEN to speak on any question of social concern except in the very last extremity of the republic's danger. A Sovereign's lightest censure must be extremely heavy. And this is what the Railway Companies ought to understand, but what we are by no means sure that they will think proper to understand. It is because HER MAJESTY feels that every appeal to the Boards has hitherto been urged in vain, that every argument based on the sanctions of humanity has been addressed as to the winds, and that even considerations based upon self-interest and addressed to economical motives have been found impotent, that at last she speaks. Yet, when she speaks, she can only say what has been said a thousand times, and to no purpose. HER MAJESTY sees that railway accidents are increasing, and she mildly requests that the Directors will lay to heart this fact, and consider every means of guarding against these “misfortunes,” as she euphemistically expresses it. A million tongues and twice ten hundred pens have anticipated the Royal conviction. HER MAJESTY knows, from her own long experience, that railway dangers can be effectually guarded against, and most of us in our own persons know the same thing. We are each in our measure living witnesses, happily for us, that it is not of the necessity of the case that railway travellers should be smashed to atoms. The House of Peers, the Bench of Bishops, and express passengers generally, in well-built, well-padded first-class carriages, seldom come to grief. What HER MAJESTY suggests is that the safety of the QUEEN and the Royal Family, and of gentlefolks generally, affords a strong presumption that the Directors can, if they will, extend to all classes the immunities which are at present a class privilege. Twenty years ago, SYDNEY SMITH pointed out that upon the slaughter of a Spiritual Lord depended the ultimate securities for the lives of curate and layman. The QUEEN only puts the same thought in a less epigrammatic shape. Lastly, Sir CHARLES PHIPPS is commissioned to hint that, as the railways have succeeded in securing a monopoly of one of the necessities of life, even the QUEEN must condescend to sue *in forma pauperis*, and to throw herself on the mercies of those who are the arbiters of life and death to the entire population of the country. Well, this is very true; but it is by no means very new. Captain TYLER, and all the Board of Trade authorities, scores upon scores of coroners' juries, orators in Parliament, indignant journalists—in short, the unanimous voice of the groaning Britons—have anticipated the voice from Osborne. No doubt the QUEEN has special reasons for special anxieties. Had she been resident at Windsor a few weeks ago, the bellowing and groans of the smashed-up bullocks at Slough might almost have reached her private apartments; and it was only last summer that the rival railway on the other side of the Castle got up a grand accident by which the Heir to the Throne was all but personally endangered.

Now is there the slightest probability that the Royal Letter will be attended to? We more than suspect that *Yo el Re* has gone into that Board-room waste-paper basket which is already stuffed with the complaints of the frequent Paterfamilias. It was only by the malice of the solitary Railway Board which has not committed an accident that even HER MAJESTY's appeal ever saw the light of common day. To be sure, it may be, as in the parable of the vineyard,



that they will reverence the QUEEN when they hear her. But it may be that they will not. And the newspapers of the day prove that PHARAOH still hardens his heart. In the useless and illusory investigation which has been just concluded on the Blackheath Tunnel "accident," the Coroner humbly dropped a hint that it might be of some advantage to the public safety if reliefs were appointed for each signal station. That is, he ventured to suggest that there are limits to the capacity of ordinary flesh and blood, and of less than ordinary intelligence, to meet the overpowering work of observing signals—a work which preeminently requires, not mere physical strength, but well-strung nerves and moral power. Upon which Mr. Traffic-Superintendent KNIGHT instantly got up and knocked over this very mild suggestion. "It would be a matter of some thousands a year." Not to be thought of for a moment. The mere notion of such a thing is intolerable. It is only a question of the lives of passengers on the one hand, and some thousands a year on the other; why the Coroner must be an idiot to bring such things into comparison. To choose between public safety and the dividends of the shareholders—preposterous, absurd, ridiculous! So the Coroner was promptly and successfully put down. All that was left to him—as all that is left to the QUEEN and to the public—was to hint the timid remonstrance that, "however the question of expense might be, the public had certainly a right to expect that they should be carried safely, and that all reasonable precautions should be taken," &c. &c. Expect!—yes, and let them expect. Blessed are they who wait; the public may sing the Psalm *Expectans expectavi* till the day of doom. The QUEEN herself may express her "warmest hopes"; and we may express our warmest something very different from hopes upon railway management. But it will all come to the same thing. There are persons upon whom prayers and curses alike fall dead.

There are other authorities, however, besides the Railway Boards, who can scarcely read the *Tristia* from Osborne without a blush and a pang of self-reproach. Directly, HER MAJESTY censures Railway Directors; but, indirectly, she censures her own Legislature and her own Ministers. If we had an Executive which was earning its salt, the QUEEN would not have been forced to write a letter which only comes up to the daily correspondence of the newspapers. It is a serious reflection on those who are entrusted with the responsible duty of seeing that our existing laws are put in force, or of supplementing them by new ones, that their neglect throws this anomalous duty of complaint on the Crown. We attach to the highest authority in the Constitution something of that divinity which ought never to interfere except with the most inextricable knot of human difficulties. And it is futile to say that railway accidents have attained the height of sovereign and intractable perplexity. Everybody knows that they can be dealt with; and everybody feels that it is not, or rather that it ought not to be, HER MAJESTY'S business to deal with them. The precedent may prove an unfortunate one. It seems to suggest that all sorts of what are called social grievances are to run their appointed and inevitable course of evil, unchecked by existing authority, until they have become so inveterate and intolerable as to provoke a personal remonstrance from the SOVEREIGN. If the present state of legislative immobility is to continue, we shall not be surprised if the QUEEN some day or other feels herself constrained to remonstrate on the Sewage Question, the state of the Thames, the condition of London streets after a fall of snow, the shortcomings of the Board of Works, or the neglects of the Lord Mayor and Common Council. We will conclude with a suggestion. At the present moment the Cabinet is, we suppose, incubating the Royal Speech to be shortly addressed to Parliament. That elegant composition is usually understood to be a joint-stock affair, constructed on the limited liability principle. What if, for once, the Ministerial editor borrowed a paragraph from the QUEEN'S Secretary? The Speech from the Throne at the end of a Session usually dismisses the Commons with a cheerful hope that, in their several counties and boroughs, they will attend to their local duties—a Royal expectation which is, if at all, fulfilled by the delivery of a vast number of foolish "extra-Parliamentary utterances." What if HER MAJESTY were, on the present occasion, advised to congratulate her faithful Commons on their happy and providential appearance in Westminster, free from the dangers of the rail—adding the expression of an earnest wish that, in their wisdom, they might see fit to devise some expedients for extending to all classes of HER MAJESTY'S subjects that immunity from danger to life and limb of which their own past neglects have shown them to be

signally undeserving? There would be a novelty of good sense and good feeling in such a Royal Speech, for which we should gratefully thank our Sovereign.

#### KING AND PARLIAMENT IN PRUSSIA.

THE King of PRUSSIA appears really to wish for a reconciliation with the House of Deputies, if only he is allowed to have his own way. The success and revived popularity of the army have put him in good humour, and disposed him to indulge in the curiously sentimental mode of thought which seems to belong to his family. His predecessor was often laughed at for his fanciful theories and romantic language, and it was hoped that the present KING, who never affected to be a scholar or philosopher, would be simple and straightforward in word and in deed. The illusion was disturbed by his determination to be crowned with ancient pomp at Königsberg; and, since the first rupture with his Parliament, he has habitually insisted on a Divine right which must have been mysteriously entailed on FREDERICK I. and his descendants at the beginning of the eighteenth century, an age not otherwise fertile in miracles. Few private laymen enjoy the satisfaction of believing that every person who differs from their opinions, or opposes their wishes, is guilty of profane resistance to Divine authority; and the infallibility of kings themselves had gone out of fashion until it was revived in modern Prussia. WILLIAM I. apparently believes in his odd little creed, as far as it is possible to believe an incredible crotchet. His religious enthusiasm overflows upon his favourite institution, so that he has persuaded himself that the valour and discipline of his army proceeded from the extraordinary piety of the soldiers. Indeed, the present popularity of the army is but a tribute from a devout community to the virtues of the saints in uniform. "The great thing," says the KING, in his reply to the address of the Upper House, "is that everything has been done on that principle which, by the blessing of the ALMIGHTY, can alone insure a durable success—namely, the fear of God. This 'fear of God' is uppermost among our soldiers, and has been 'the cause of the sympathy of the people, who are ready to make sacrifices for the army.'" There is something strange in the dreamy excitement of a commonplace elderly prince. It is difficult to suppose that such doctrines or phrases can gratify a highly educated nation, especially as the Royal thanksgivings are intended to reflect indirectly on the contumacious Deputies. The fear of God which is cherished in the ranks of the army, and the consequent sympathy of the people, are, in the KING'S mind, dependent on the organization which he has resolved to maintain. If the Parliament also wishes to share the credit of the general piety, it must provide the necessary funds for three years' service.

Although foreigners are not competent judges of administrative details, there is reason to believe that, in the original matter of dispute with the Parliament, the KING exercised a sounder judgment than his opponents. There is no difference of opinion in Prussia on the necessity of maintaining an efficient army, and, as the national finances are flourishing, the country could well have afforded the additional outlay which might have been caused by an extension of the term of service. The officers of the army are, however, unpopular with the middle classes, as the military profession is the exclusive resource of the poorer members of the aristocracy. The KING was suspected of an undue leaning to the nobility, and he violated the privileges of the House by incurring a considerable expenditure without previous Parliamentary sanction. The ground of controversy was shifted from military expediency to constitutional right, and among Englishmen there has been little difference of opinion as to the merits of the quarrel in its later stages. Experience shows that Continental Assemblies are almost always unable to assume the political supremacy which has belonged for nearly two centuries to the House of Commons. Generally based on a wide suffrage, they provide a less perfect representation of national interests and opinions, and they find themselves in the presence of kings who command great standing armies. No English Minister could refuse deference to a Parliamentary decision in favour of a special military system; but it is perfectly intelligible that, in Prussia, prerogative and privilege may be adjusted on different principles, and that the Crown may have, in fact as well as in theory, the absolute control of any army which it is authorized to employ and to pay. The power of granting supplies, on the other hand, seems to be the indispensable function and inherent right of every representative body. Even under the French Imperial system, the Legislative Body votes taxes and

loans; and, in Austria, the Council of the Empire is at this moment urging a reduction of the army as the consideration for adopting the official budget. Almost all recent Constitutions have been established under financial pressure by Governments which found themselves unable to raise sufficient money, although they might be strong enough to suppress resistance. A Parliament which can be pledged to expenditure without its own consent is but a useless fiction, and it seems that even the Prussian Minister admits in words the financial authority of the Deputies; but he informs them, at the same time, that it is useless to discuss the KING's military reforms, as they have been definitively adopted.

The constitutional issue was, before the Danish war, more important in popular estimation than the dispute on the organization of the army. After nearly fifty years of peace, there seemed to be no immediate necessity for a change in the term of service, and it was felt that the new Constitution was practically on its trial. The inconsistency of the KING's conduct with his professions of fidelity to the representative system was especially irritating to the public functionaries and the scholars, who, together with the traders and manufacturers of the towns, constitute the middle class and the Liberal party in Prussia. The extraordinary and ostentatious contempt of the principal Minister for the Deputies supplied another motive for thoroughgoing resistance, and the House was scarcely disposed even to consider the arguments which were urged in favour of the military innovations. But the unexpected enthusiasm which has been produced by the events of the war has given an advantage to the KING, who is supposed to consult the interests of the army, over a Parliament which is only concerned with guarantees for civil liberty. The Prussians have learned to consider themselves a conquering nation, and they attach peculiar value to the necessary instrument of national aggrandisement. The demand of the Government for funds to be employed in the increase of the navy will probably be conceded with little opposition; and if the military controversy had not been commenced under different circumstances, it would perhaps not have arisen at the moment when the army, by its piety and by its conquest of Düppel, has become the object of general admiration. The House has shown a desire to postpone, if not to evade, the expected collision with the Crown. No Address was presented in answer to the Royal Speech, because it would have been necessary to enter on embarrassing discussions; and, for the present, the Deputies have employed themselves exclusively on financial details. The Prussian people would perhaps not be disinclined to approve of a compromise which might leave the Government at liberty to devote its attention to the general affairs of Germany. The advocates, however, of Parliamentary right have an element of strength in their natural alliance with the National party in Germany, which is also essentially Liberal. Until the regular debates of the Session have commenced, it is difficult to judge whether either of the disputants will make more serious overtures than those which are contained in the vague phrases of the Royal Speech.

The feudal or reactionary party has published a remarkable manifesto in a half-official journal, and the programme may not improbably express the opinions of the KING, although it would scarcely satisfy his ambitious Minister. It is proposed that Prussia, instead of following the example of Piedmont, should respect the vested rights of the German princes, but that in matters of general policy Prussia and Austria should exercise united sway. Justice is to be done to Schleswig and Holstein, but they are not to be subjected to Democratic rule. The words might imply that the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG was to be admitted to the succession on condition of withholding constitutional government from his subjects; but it is understood that the scruples of the KING have at last been overcome, and that the Court and the Government have almost finally determined on the annexation of the Duchies. The Emperor of AUSTRIA wavers in his opposition to a project which is highly disagreeable to his subjects. France, having ulterior objects in view, countenances the annexation; Russia has withdrawn the untenable pretensions of the Duke of OLDENBURG; and the English Government, though it is not unfavourable to the claim of the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, has no practical voice in the decision. While justice is done in this manner to the Duchies, which themselves prefer the rightful heir, the Federal Constitution is to be reformed, but not to be radically changed; and, finally, friendship with England is to be cemented by the questionable method of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, which is described as the origin of the Holy Alliance. The battle

of Waterloo was a famous and fruitful victory, and the Prussians were gallant and effective allies; but at present there is not the smallest occasion for concerting with Prussia a defensive league against France. It is notorious that England from the first stood aloof from the compact of the three military monarchies which was called by the Emperor ALEXANDER the Holy Alliance. Lord LIVERPOOL and Lord CASTLEREACH, as well as Mr. CANNING, protested against the principle of a mutual insurance of despotism, and recent events have not inspired implicit confidence in the Government either of Russia or Prussia. After the celebration of the battle of Leipzig two years ago, it scarcely seems worth while to offer another ceremonial challenge to France; but if the Prussians have a fancy for semi-centenaries, they will certainly have to rejoice on the 18th of June by themselves. It is not improbable that the sudden overture of the ultra-Conservative party will renew the clamour against England which raged during the whole course of the Danish war in Prussia and Germany. The constitutional Liberals may be assured that, if they will only abstain from useless vituperation, their cause commands the sympathy of all enlightened Englishmen.

#### THE PAMPHLET OF THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

THE pamphlet of M. DUPANLOUP is a sort of *Apologia*. In substance, if not in form, the eminent Catholic champion stands on the defence; even though, with much skill, he has inserted in his work a violent attack upon the policy of CAVOUR, in order possibly to divert the attention of his readers from the naked letter of the Encyclical. M. DUPANLOUP is a scholar and a controversialist. He has little in common with the fanatical party of the old *Univers*. He belongs, like M. MONTALEMBERT, to a distinguished group of men who are liberal in education, but devout Catholics by conviction and conscience, and whose lot it has continually been to don their shining armour and to do battle for the POPE. A polished and courteous writer, M. DUPANLOUP has too much tact to write anything which the Parisian saloons would consider ridiculous or extravagant. Unhappily, like others of his school, he is both sentimental and inaccurate. His invectives against Piedmont, his horror at the severity with which she has treated the brigands of Southern Italy, his picture of the melancholy position of the POPE, his admiration of the Irish, are all vivid and picturesque. The Piedmontese are the real brigands; DAN O'CONNELL, and not GARIBALDI, was the real hero; the POPE is the type of true Liberalism, and he proved it by blessing DAN O'CONNELL. So spirited a partisan ought never to go near any historical work that does not emanate from the Society of Jesus, for fear of spoiling his own illusions. He seems not to have the faintest notion that the brigands of the Neapolitan provinces are wont to cut off their prisoners' noses; that the POPE plays billiards daily, and is not so unhappy in real life as he seems to be on paper; and that O'CONNELL was, to put it mildly, the reverse of veracious. Just in the same way, M. DUPANLOUP's *Apologia* for the Encyclical is forcible, and even elegant. But it is monstrously incomplete and inaccurate, even to the point of disingenuousness. A few brilliant hits, by which he proves, what no one cares to doubt, that Parisian journalists are not always unexceptionable Latinists; a few ingenious glosses, by which he shows that some of the minor propositions of the Encyclical are not so intolerant as they appear; and a sounding and sweeping denial that the POPE is reactionary in his politics, constitute the major part of the defence. From M. DUPANLOUP we turn to the Encyclical itself. Unmistakeable propositions start out from every page, which M. DUPANLOUP has left untouched and unexplained, perhaps because they are incapable of a liberal explanation. The Bishop of ORLEANS says that the Vatican is full of toleration; but the generous proposition shatters itself, if we appeal from the Bishop of ORLEANS to the Vatican's own text. It is a well-known art in advocacy to explain with much candour all the facts that are not important, but to pass in profound silence over every awkward piece of evidence which presses hard upon the case. In defence of his spiritual chief, M. DUPANLOUP has borrowed this weapon of earthly controversy. He pretends to find in the POPE's letter much matter for spiritual food, refreshment, and delight. But, like the stag in Æsop's fable, M. DUPANLOUP feeds with his blind eye turned towards the Encyclical.

The mistranslations of which M. DUPANLOUP convicts the *Siècle* and the *Journal des Débats* are numerous, and some of them ludicrous. They have been reproduced on this side of the Channel, and, by a curious tissue of careless blunders, both French and English journals have actually made the



Vatican assert the mutability of God. But the real political controversy is not what His HOLINESS believes as to the Divine Substance, but whether Rome has not formally condemned the principles of all modern society, and in particular the laws and constitution of the French Empire. The unscholarlike stupidity of the *Siècle* is almost altogether beside the issue. There are enough sentences in the *Syllabus* which have been correctly rendered to supply materials for decision. The most important M. DUPANLOUP ignores. He has done wisely, therefore, in publishing his views in the shape of a *brochure*. In no serious controversial work could he have ventured to trip delicately and with closed eyes over the awkward part of the text, and to take his stand ostentatiously on a dogma here and there which can be construed in accordance with the tendencies of modern civilization. Perhaps he a little underrates the intelligence of his readers. Some of those who disagree with the Encyclical happen to have read it carefully, even if the *Siècle* has not, and may be, perhaps, as good Latinists and logicians as M. DUPANLOUP himself. A little consideration will make it clear that, in his anxiety to vindicate the Encyclical, the Bishop of ORLEANS either has not himself read it, or that he has not been candid in his quotations and his extracts.

The first great complaint of the Liberals of Europe is that Pío Nono has condemned the political principle of civil and religious liberty. "Not so," cries M. DUPANLOUP; the POPE only condemns religious indifferentism. He does not repudiate "the toleration of individuals and the civil liberty of worship." "En fait, jamais les Papes n'ont entendu condamner les gouvernements qui ont cru devoir, selon la nécessité des temps, écrire dans leurs constitutions cette tolérance, cette liberté. Que dis-je? Le Pape lui-même 'la pratique à Rome.'" It was only last winter that Pío Nono himself honoured M. DUPANLOUP with explanations on this subject. The Jews at Rome have their synagogues in the Ghetto. The Protestant visitors enjoy their church "at the *Porta del Popolo*." For M. DUPANLOUP may be pardoned for not knowing that the Protestant church is outside, not inside, the gates. How, then, can it be said that the POPE is the foe of civil and religious toleration? From the gloss of M. DUPANLOUP we look back with some amazement to the sacred Letter itself. Fortunately for the Jews in the Ghetto, their liberties are not cut so close as the Encyclical would cut them, for, in black and white, there stands in the Encyclical a heresy so plainly denounced that M. DUPANLOUP could hardly fail to acknowledge that the POPE himself must stand convicted of one of the "Principal Errors of the Age." "Hence very properly, in some Catholic countries, the law 'has provided for strangers who come to live there en-joying the public exercise of their individual religions.'" Of this remarkable heresy, as it is written down in the Encyclical, M. DUPANLOUP says not one word. Perhaps in his next edition he will do the readers of his pamphlet who do understand logic the favour of commenting on it. At present, it seems difficult to reconcile it with M. DUPANLOUP's conversations with the POPE last winter. For the first time in the history of the Church we have got hold of a Roman Pontiff who writes himself down as one of the heretics of the day.

A happy accident may account for M. DUPANLOUP's not noticing so inconvenient a paragraph. But what happy accident can account for the following mutilation? He is justifying, as not inconsistent with religious toleration, a passage in the Encyclical condemning the theory that every citizen may loudly and publicly express all his opinions without being limited "by any authority, ecclesiastical or 'civil.'" In so doing, M. DUPANLOUP imposes on himself an easy task. No one but a lunatic ever maintained so maniacal and singular a doctrine. But M. DUPANLOUP has made his task easy by beginning his citation in the very middle of a sentence. He turns his blind eye to the lines that precede, which are not separated by any full stop; though, without a reference to the original, M. DUPANLOUP's readers never would have heard of them. They are as follows. The POPE declares erroneous and fatal the opinion, "That 'the liberty of conscience and of worship is a right proper to every man, which ought to be proclaimed by the 'law, and assured in every constitutional State.'" It would be pure nonsense to say that to denounce this theory is simply to denounce religious indifferentism. Political rights only are the subject of the proposition. How, therefore, does M. DUPANLOUP deal with three all-important lines which would have blown his ingenious Apology to the winds? He commences his citation at the semicolon which follows them. Candour does not, accordingly, seem always to be a necessary accompaniment of logic and of Latin.

So much for the POPE's attitude towards modern progress. For Frenchmen a no less material issue is whether or not the Encyclical assaults the French law and constitution. Of the many passages which conclusively establish the affirmative, and which admit of no polite disclaimer, the Bishop of ORLEANS takes no notice. Every one who is acquainted with the details of the Ultramontane controversy in France for the last sixty years cannot but see in the POPE's letter a string of protests against the pressure of the French law. In some of its articles, the Vatican, in so many words, condemns French institutions. In others, it condemns one or more of the old Gallican Liberties. Of course the principles of 1789 cannot expect much mercy, and they are condemned too. Lastly, the Organic Law of 1802 comes in for its share of reprobation. A Catholic writer who ignores all these marked features in the Encyclical cannot be held to have dealt fairly with the question, or to have established a right to charge the French Government with injustice. When M. DUPANLOUP can show that the 24th article of the Encyclical is not a distinct denunciation of the first proposition of the Gallican declaration of 1682—a declaration recognised and taught by the State as a declaration of public right; that the 28th article of the Encyclical is not as distinct a condemnation of the first Organic Law of 1802, as well as of ancient public right; that the 41st article of the Encyclical is not levelled directly against the same Gallic Liberties, and against the sixth section of the same Organic Law; and that on the subjects of public instruction, religious communities, and the presentation to bishoprics the Encyclical does not formally attack the recognised principles of the French Empire, M. DUPANLOUP will have addressed himself to the real matter of dispute. As yet he has only given us a showy, superficial, and uncandid disquisition, in which he never states the case of his antagonists at all, but amuses himself with combating shadows of his own creation.

#### THE NEW FINANCE MINISTER OF INDIA.

M<sup>R</sup>. MASSEY'S appointment is in many respects creditable to the Government. He has not made himself remarkable in the House of Commons for vehement party service, and his distinction is due more to literary than to Parliamentary ability. To some extent, therefore, the selection may be commended as a departure from the beaten track of Parliamentary promotion; and the existing system has done so much harm, both to the Civil Service and to the Bench, that any relaxation of it, however slight, must be set down as gain. Against the general ability of the new Finance Minister for India there is nothing to be said. He has discharged a laborious office in the House of Commons with great industry, and satisfactorily to those whose interests have depended upon his capacity. No sort of exception can be taken to his promotion generally, for his talent is considerably above the average that has been deemed sufficient to qualify for office in recent years.

But the particular employment for which his abilities are destined affords a curious example of the square hole for the round man. The post of Finance Minister of India is perhaps the most difficult financial post in the world. It implies the superintendence and the continuation of a series of experiments of the highest importance and interest, which are wholly without any parallel since the modern science of finance existed. Money has to be extracted from a people who are well accustomed to extortion, but are not traditionally used to bear regular burdens in the sense in which Englishmen have learned to interpret the word. It has to be extracted in amounts sufficient to provide for the elaborate and costly machine of a Government conducted upon European principles, for the defence of an enormous territory, and for the maintenance of submission among a subjugated people, whom some unlooked-for frenzy of superstition may at any moment drive into insurrection. The difficult problems raised by such a state of things lie far outside the scope of an English financier's practice, and must be utterly baffling except to the highest financial ability. An English Minister has the accumulated experience of nearly a century to teach him which taxes are the most productive, which are the most patiently borne, which will recoup the revenue the most readily after reduction, which are the most burdensome in their effect on industry. The Finance Minister of India has to ask himself the same questions; but he has no materials for his answer except the habits and industry of a race utterly strange to him, and a financial experience that is only a few years old. For the purpose of navigating this unknown sea, it would have been natural to select the most experienced mariner that could be found. The Government have,

however, taken a gentleman who has gained his reputation, not only not in financial subjects, but in subjects with which finance has nothing whatever to do. If we are to judge by that part of his life which has been within public cognizance, Mr. MASSEY has never given his mind to a single financial question. As far as previous training and knowledge are concerned, he is as fit to manage the finances of India as he is to command SHERMAN'S army in South Carolina. He is not armed with the only kind of learning which would be of the slightest use in unravelling the difficulties of which Indian finance is full. It is true that the field on which he is about to enter is not absolutely untrodden, for the new era in Indian finance was begun under the guidance of his last predecessor but two. Undoubtedly the task that lies before him is not the task with which Mr. WILSON spent strength and life in grappling. But the measures of Mr. WILSON, Mr. LAING, and Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN are yet new; their accomplishment is as yet incomplete; and the problems with which they undertook to deal are but half solved. If it does not require a man of genius equal to the best among them to work out to its conclusion the policy which their combined, or sometimes conflicting, efforts have bequeathed, at least it requires a man sufficiently familiar with finance to understand their ideas, and to develop them by the guidance of the lessons which the most recent experience has taught. An accomplished historian, who had also been Under Secretary of State and Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, would not, for the sake of those qualifications alone, have been appointed to the Treasurership of Gibraltar or Heligoland. Some other reason, therefore, beyond the ordinary instinct of jobbing which may be supposed to animate Sir CHARLES WOOD and his Council generally, must be sought to account for such an appointment to the management of the finances of one hundred and fifty millions of men.

Probably the reason is not very far to seek. The Indian Government must take, not the best man that they might wish, but the best that they can get. The post of Financial Member of Council is not an inviting one. It has not been instituted six years, yet in that time three statesmen have held, and have vacated, the office. The first died; the second was compelled to resign by illness, from which he recovered with difficulty; the third is at this moment prostrated by illness. A similar fate, though not within so brief a space of time, has attended the last three statesmen who have filled the post of Governor-General. Lord DALHOUSIE, Lord CANNING, and Lord ELGIN each of them prematurely closed, amidst the duties of that office, a life of which, in a healthier climate, much might have been yet reserved for the service of their country. There is no similarity between the two offices to account for this gloomy parallelism in their recent history, except the fact that the duties of both are performed at Calcutta by men who have previously made themselves distinguished in England or other parts of the Empire. The inference is too obvious to be thrust aside by any amount of official commonplace. The removal of the seat of Government from the deadly climate of Calcutta may involve an inconvenient amount of thought on the part of Sir CHARLES WOOD and his subordinates. It will certainly be intensely distasteful to the clique of merchants who trade in that city, and who seem to have persuaded themselves that residence in the capital gives them some undefined title to a voice in the government of the whole Indian Empire. It will, of course, be bitterly opposed by all the local officials whose personal feelings and personal convenience would be equally affected by a change. All these combined influences may succeed, with the help of the steady apathy which the English public habitually shows upon Indian questions, in retaining the seat of Government in the unwholesome and dangerous marsh to which historical accident has condemned it. But all the obstructive power of the local and the home authorities combined will not alter the fact that death, or illness only cured by sudden flight, has been the fate of the six eminent statesmen who, in one or the other capacity, have been sent to rule India within the last few years; and that that fate has been inflicted by the poisonous miasma amid which it is the will of Executive wisdom that the Indian Empire should be ruled. This is a fact which cannot but bear fruit. It teaches a lesson which is not easily forgotten. Men do not like to go ten thousand miles away to die of horrible diseases, merely because Sir CHARLES WOOD is incompetent and the Indian Council stolid. Under ordinary circumstances, the opportunity of governing, either politically or financially, so vast an Empire, with so abundant a promise of future prosperity, would be an object of keen competition among the best administrators England could produce. But the melancholy history of the last few years is beginning to tell. It affects

the post of Finance Minister first, because that is the least brilliant of the two, and involves the largest amount of compulsory residence in Calcutta. The men most fitted for the task cannot be induced to take it. It must be given to a man who, whatever his abilities, is a novice in finance, but whose capital qualification is that he believes himself to be so physically constituted that he can defy the climate of Calcutta; for, of course, it is highly desirable that the post should not be vacated every two years. It is a salutary sign that terror of the noiseless assailant which dooms them to premature death or incapacity should have begun to influence the minds of English statesmen. No office can long be effectively filled by a rapid succession of men who, after the first month or two, are always on the point of becoming invalids. On public grounds, therefore, no less than for his own sake, we wish Mr. MASSEY a long Indian career, with as little Calcutta and as much health as possible. But it is impossible not to sympathize with the luckless millions of India whose taxes are to be managed by a man who, late in life, has turned his attention to the science of taxation for the first time. If Mr. MASSEY should unfortunately succumb to the fate of his predecessors, the appointment will not even have the excuse which his robustness might give to it. If, on the other hand, he should succeed in living, it will, we presume, be assumed as an established maxim of Indian policy, that the Indian Chancellorship of the Exchequer is to be given, not to the best trained brain, but to the most hardened liver, that can be had.

#### AMERICA.

THE storming of Fort Fisher is one of the most creditable exploits of the war to the Federal soldiery, and the capture of the place is of great advantage to the Government. It matters comparatively little whether Wilmington is immediately taken, for the river may practically be regarded as henceforth shut to Southern commerce, and the trade of the blockade-runners may be considered at an end. It is only surprising that the enterprise on which General GRANT has of late been so positively determined was not undertaken before; nor is it easy to understand why the Federal fleet, having the power of silencing the fort at pleasure, hesitated to pass into the river before the attack was commenced. The blockading squadrons will henceforth be relieved from their troublesome duties along nearly the whole extent of the Confederate coast, and the intercourse of the South with the outer world will have to be conducted mainly by the circuitous road of Texas and Mexico. The Government of Washington shows its judgment in allowing the enemy no time for rest, and SHERMAN is already advancing into South Carolina, where, so far as is known, no adequate force is collected to resist him. Should he succeed in taking Charleston, and then find himself at liberty to reinforce the main army of GRANT, LEE would probably be at last compelled to relinquish his heroic defence of Richmond. Although the Confederate PRESIDENT still presents a bold front to the invader, the Southern journals are full of discontent and suspicion, and proposals of peace are for the first time hazarded in Congress. The loyalty of the State Government of Georgia to the common cause is doubted, and unofficial emissaries from Washington receive encouragement which induces them to repeat their visits. It is impossible to judge whether the popular and official expressions of resolution and defiance indicate a purpose unchanged by misfortune. The leaders of the South will never willingly yield, but they may possibly fail to induce their countrymen to persevere in the struggle which has hitherto been sustained with unequalled pertinacity and courage. The hopes of the North, that the vast body of the Southern people would be alienated from the large landowners, have repeatedly been disappointed. Misfortune, however, tends to render men selfish, and the wages of corruption will certainly not be spared.

In the proceedings of a Convention which professes to represent Tennessee, the Southern proprietors have a fair warning of the nature of that reconstruction to which their States are destined by the North. The military Government of Tennessee acquired exceptional distinction, among many zealous partisans, by refusing to allow electors to vote for a candidate for the Presidency until they had pledged themselves to support in detail the policy represented by Mr. LINCOLN. It is highly improbable that greater freedom of election was allowed when delegates were to be chosen to the Convention. The new Constitution which has been adopted, and the nomination of a State Governor, sufficiently prove that a picked Convention has been collected for the purpose of confiscating the property of the weaker party. The pretended representatives of a State in which ownership in slaves has always been

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recognised by law have summarily decreed that immediate abolition shall take place, without any compensation whatever. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the resolution is intrinsically just. It certainly cannot express the opinion of Tennessee. When the Gulf States seceded, Tennessee still adhered to the Union, but, as soon as war became inevitable, a popular vote of two to one approved the determination of the Government and the Legislature to join the Confederacy. The terrible sufferings which have since been endured may have subdued the resolution of the people, but can scarcely have produced genuine enthusiasm for Northern policy. As if to prove that it is a principal object to insult and injure the State which they affect to represent, the members of the Convention have unanimously recommended for the post of Governor the brawler and buffoon who is notorious under the name of PARSON BROWNLOW. This is the person who expressed his regard for the rights and interests of the seceding fellow-citizens whom he is hereafter to govern by his disgraceful phrase of "Greek fire for the masses, and hell-fire for the leaders." His social and political position would, even in the United States, have excluded him from high office, if circumstances had not enabled a factious minority to indulge their spite to their countrymen by imposing upon them the most offensive possible ruler. The inhabitants of East Tennessee have always maintained Northern sympathies, and they had reason to complain of the vote by which they were forced against their will to join in secession. But the animosity which they will provoke by their present act of revenge will delay for years the re-establishment of permanent harmony. If the government of conquered provinces in the South is to be administered by protected and privileged minorities, the evils which resulted in Ireland from Protestant supremacy can scarcely fail to be reproduced. The difficulty has been repeatedly foretold, and it has not hitherto been obviated. A Northern dictatorship would be more tolerable to the defeated party than the caprice of a favoured local oligarchy.

In Tennessee there has always been a Union party, and it is, therefore, possible that the Convention, notwithstanding its disgraceful proceedings, may have been composed of genuine citizens of the State. Louisiana, of which the greater part is still occupied by the Confederates, is essentially Southern in character and feeling; but when Mr. LINCOLN's election was thought doubtful, General BANKS arranged that a Legislature ostensibly chosen under a Constitution created for the purpose should appoint Presidential electors. As it happened that no faggot-votes were required, it was thought better that they should not be counted, but the validity of the Louisiana Constitution has become material to the decision of the most important question which now occupies the attention of Congress. By the Fifth Article of the Constitution of the United States it is provided that amendments of the Constitution itself may be proposed whenever two-thirds of both Houses of Congress shall deem it necessary. The Republican party is now anxious to introduce an amendment for the abolition of slavery, and it is doubtful whether the necessary majority can be obtained in the Senate without the vote of Louisiana. As a bare majority has the power of admitting a vote which will ensure to itself the preponderance required for the amendment, there can be little doubt that General BANKS's camp-followers and renegades will be recognised as the authentic Legislature of Louisiana. The proposal of the amendment will necessarily be inoperative for the present, as it can only become part of the Constitution when it has been ratified by Legislatures or Conventions in three-fourths of the States. It is admitted that more than one-fourth of the whole number still adheres to the Confederacy, and it is not certain that the States which are really or nominally attached to the Union will unanimously ratify the amendment. The process of reconstruction may perhaps enable the Federal Government to count on the votes of other States which may be wholly or partially conquered. Actual emancipation will depend on the advance of the Northern armies; but it is natural that the Republicans should desire to erase from the Constitution the recognition or toleration of slavery. A hateful institution is probably destined to disappear, and perhaps the coloured race in America will consequently dwindle and decay. The strongest objection of the North to the system is not that there are slaves, but that slaves imply the existence of masters. Unrestricted competition with a superior race is not likely to result in moral or material advantage to the negro; but the community which has released itself from the guilt of inflicting positive wrong will regard the indirect consequences of emancipation with patient acquiescence.

It is not known whether the Government and people of the

United States have determined on an unprovoked war with England, but it is certain that they wish to persuade the world in general that a hostile decision is taken. The passport system on the Canadian frontier, the abandonment of the naval Lake Convention, and the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty are all wilfully hostile measures. Mr. SUMNER, one of the meanest and most inveterate enemies of England, has, as Chairman of Foreign Relations in the Senate, the conduct of all these measures, and he has also lately given notice of a proposal for the repeal of the Ashburton Treaty. It is not even pretended that any benefit would accrue from this step to the United States. It is enough that England might perhaps be injured or insulted. The scandalous impunity by which Mr. WATSON WEBB has profited naturally invites imitation, and Admiral PORTER has in his turn illustrated the good feeling and good breeding of high American functionaries by a public announcement that one of his vessels is competent to bombard the French and English coasts, and to levy contributions on their towns. Outrages of this kind would, in England, not only be punished as official misdemeanours, but they would exclude the perpetrators for ever from public life. In America they are admired, and the English devotees of the Federal cause find no fault with an exuberant patriotism which only offends or threatens their own unworthy country. In the United States there is not a party, nor even a single known politician, who has the honesty or the courage to reprove the vulgar violence of those who brawl on behalf of the nation. The fit organs of popular feeling assert, with imperfect accuracy, that it is impossible to kick England into war. It is indeed difficult to scold England into war, and the only danger of incessant American vituperation is that it will perhaps result in some act which cannot be passed over. The only considerable personage in America who has kept aloof from the SUMNERS and the SEWARDS is Mr. LINCOLN himself. If the Americans are to be saved from the consequences of popular folly and malignity, they will probably have to thank the PRESIDENT alone, unless he is for once aided by that apocryphal class of moderate, prudent, and virtuous citizens who have the peculiarity of remaining perpetually invisible and silent.

#### MATHEMATICAL HONOURS.

ANOTHER page has been added to that historical record of the Cambridge Calendar which old Cambridge men study with mingled feelings. It is painful to them to see their names gradually pushed backwards into past generations by the growth of annual layers of Mathematical Tripos. It is the process of growing old made visible. On the other hand, they may witness the renewal of the competition with the pleasure of old oarsmen or cricketers contemplating the contest on the Thames or Lord's Ground. The struggle does not, indeed, present such exciting moments for the spectator as a close race at Hammersmith Bridge, or the fall of the last wickets in a well-contested cricket-match. But, for the unfortunate competitors, the suspense and interest of the intellectual race are even greater and better sustained. A hard-fought election, a good race for the Derby, a trial for a doubtful case of murder, are all tolerably exciting for the persons directly interested. But it may be doubted whether, in any of them, the ingredients that go to make a trial of skill thoroughly and intensely absorbing are more skillfully combined. The possible competitors have been entered for the match for more than three years. They have been trained with a special skill, much greater in itself, and applied for a longer period, than that devoted to the training of a race-horse. There have been plenty of preliminary trials, by private tutors and by college examiners, where their performances have been the subject of eager and intelligent comment. When, at last, they come to the scratch, they are tested in a contest the conditions of which have been defined with anxious accuracy, which gives full scope for the display of their abilities, and which is certain to be conducted with the most scrupulous fairness. The English love of every variety of racing can certainly have no better illustration than in this carefully elaborated system of examination. The spirit of Newmarket has doubtless infected to some degree the dons of the neighbouring University, though fortunately the University preserves the distinction that there is very little money on the annual event at Cambridge. Hence, perhaps, arises the entire absence of all unfairness, or even suspicion of unfairness, to which the Tripos owes its vitality. In an existence of considerably more than a hundred years, it has acquired a certain historical prestige. The name of Senior Wrangler is peculiarly fortunate in its uncouth sound and total want of any apparent meaning. The title is unique; it cannot be confounded with any of the multitudinous first-classes given by less venerable institutions. A senior wrangler is to the first man in other examinations as the Speaker of the House of Commons to the President of Continental Assemblies. The old-fashioned name carries with it associations which a title of more superficial propriety could not hope to rival. It derives a similar advantage from the chaste simplicity of the

system. The University of Cambridge does not dilute its honours by distributing them according to a complicated scheme of new-fangled examinations, excellent perhaps in themselves, but heart-breaking to the country clergy and the uninitiated vulgar. It reserves its rewards to bestow them all upon one grand effort. The reward is, therefore, like a well-known stamp on money—it passes current wherever the name of the University itself is honoured. To be senior wrangler is thus to win a distinction to which no other examination can afford an exact parallel. We are happy to see that on this occasion it has been won under circumstances which imply particular merit in the successful candidate. He has gained a prize which demands a combination of industry and talent, though in a position generally assumed to afford some excuse for idleness.

The merits of the Tripos, considered as a type of competitive examination in general, are sufficiently obvious. It was the first and most conspicuous example of a system which has since received an application in less appropriate cases. The favourable influence exerted by that system upon University studies has led to a rash assumption that it supplied a universal measure of youthful merit. This effective test for discovering rising mathematicians was supposed to be equally effective in discovering promising tidewaiters, or civil servants, or administrators of Indian Government. A study of the conditions which have made the instrument so potent in one case would show the danger of rashly applying it to others. It is frequently doubted, indeed, what is the real value of its success, even in the place where it has been most successful. Some people allege that the modern system of horse-racing injures the breed of horses, by premature forcing, and by sacrificing endurance to speed. Similar accusations are brought against the University system. Those who come to the front are said to be rather the most easily teachable than the most vigorous intellects. The first quality demanded for success is a power of swallowing great masses of knowledge, and discharging them whole with rapidity and precision. When the art of training has been reduced to a system, the necessary information is supplied in such a form as to save the process of digestion. All that has to be done is to reproduce it as nearly as possible in the shape in which it was originally imbibed. All the possible devices by which examiners may hope to surprise their victim into displaying his original powers have been foreseen by cunning teachers; the art of defence is perfected at the same rate as the art of attack; the knowledge of the subject has been distributed into little bundles marked with appropriate labels; and the great endeavour of the candidate is to have these well-arranged, and to put his hand immediately upon the one that is required. In such a contest, it is argued, a pliable understanding will have the upper hand of a powerful one; originality may be a positive disadvantage; the one thing needful is to follow your guide implicitly by the road he points out, and not to lose time in striking out paths for yourself. Distinction in University honours should thus be considered as a proof that a man can learn quickly, but as no guarantee that he will ever produce anything for himself. We do not doubt that there is some truth in this argument, and that, as applied to some examinations, it contains the most important part of the truth. Some of the competitions for Civil Service appointments seem to have been constructed in order to verify its accuracy. They are so arranged that, of two candidates representing these different classes of ability, the quickest is certain to be chosen in preference to the most original. A man who can learn a bit of Italian and French and German, a smattering of metaphysics and law, and fragments of half-a-dozen other subjects, is certain to gain more marks than a rival who is excellent in one subject alone. Such a process is, of course, repulsive to a man of any mental vigour. It can only be carried through efficiently with one whose faculties for receiving knowledge are developed out of proportion to his powers of thinking. He must be content to be made into a mere temporary receptacle for miscellaneous information. "To sit still and be pumped into," as Mr. Carlyle remarks, "can, in the long run, be exhilarating to no creature." To have such heterogeneous streams of learning pumped into you, in the one hope of speedily discharging them for ever, must be the reverse of exhilarating. In such a trial, any original powers which a man might have would often be actually in his way. This form of the objection has, however, no application to a test so strictly limited as the Cambridge Mathematical Examination. Whatever faults it may have, it sets no premium upon superficial acquaintance with the subject. The distinction between the two classes of intellect is decidedly favourable to the less original only in the first stages of knowledge. As we advance further, the mere facility of learning becomes of less weight against originality and a vigorous grasp of principles. The subjects of examination are, in this case, so closely connected, and so thoroughly treated, that real power in dealing with them is certain to tell. The objection of which we have been speaking is, therefore, valid only in so far as it applies to all written examinations. The most bigoted admirer of the system would hardly maintain that any examiner can really select the men most certain of after-distinction; for distinction in after-life depends upon many circumstances which can be weighed in the scales of no human examiner. It may possibly be true, that great force of character is apt to throw a young man out of the proper track; it inclines him to indulge in eccentricities, which lead to anything but University distinction. There is a natural temptation in the scholastic mind to prefer the youth who submits quietly to the yoke; the same tendency may give undue preference to the intellect which patiently follows the beaten high road. It requires a very calm temper and a very discriminating understanding in an

Oxford don to recognise the genius hidden under an exterior such as Shelley's. But, making allowance for insulated cases, we doubt whether the different faculties are often so widely separated as the objection implies. Great power of understanding is pretty sure to assert its superiority. The most vigorous runner will generally win the race, though he may be tempted to diverge at times from the straight course. In sporting phraseology, a man of real mathematical ability must be very heavily handicapped to allow competitors of inferior talent to meet him with any chance of success. We consider, therefore, that the facility sometimes characteristic of an inferior class of intellect affects the result only in a secondary degree. It renders the distances by which competitors are separated less decided than they would otherwise be. The manifestation of original power cannot be so marked when it is displayed on the limited ground of an examination as when its possessor chooses his own path to distinction; but, at the same time, original power will almost invariably secure a very satisfactory amount of recognition.

The experience of a good many years seems to confirm this view of the case. It is said, indeed, that senior wranglers no longer win, in the open competition of the world, the same honours which they formerly obtained. They used to supply ornaments to the judicial bench, whereas judges are now less frequently men of University distinction. We do not venture to say whether the judges are the better for it. The change, however, really depends upon a different set of causes. No one who has seen much of high wranglers can doubt their possession of qualities which would win distinction in any direction. A thoroughly sound understanding and an unlimited capacity for hard work are useful at the Bar as well as at the University. A man who has succeeded in the competition at Cambridge is generally well adapted for competition elsewhere; the only thing he need fear is that he may never again have so fair and open a field. The fact is, that the relation of the University to the outside world has undergone a considerable change. On the one hand, although its effective teaching power was probably never so great as it now is, it is far from monopolizing so large a share as formerly of the highest education in the country. A smaller proportion even of the clerical profession is drawn from the old Universities; in the other learned professions the difference is perhaps more decided, though exact statistics are not attainable. On the other hand, although the University does not come into direct contact with so large a proportion of the youth, it continues to teach the teachers. As the scholastic profession flourishes in unprecedented vigour, there is a constant demand for men who have taken high honours. On looking casually through the old tripos-lists, it is surprising to see the numbers who are annually drafted into the ranks of schoolmasters and professors. If a young man is disposed thus to discount the advantages gained by his degree, he may consider it worth a respectable annuity. He is enabled at once to accept a position which is safe, if not brilliant. It naturally follows that many men avoid the precarious chances of the Bar to gain a certain living by a pursuit for which they have already proved their capacity. Thus a very large number of the ablest mathematicians whom Cambridge has lately produced are either tutors in the University, or professors in English, Scotch, and Irish Universities. Comparatively few are left to join in the struggle for the ordinary professional prizes. Perhaps the eagerness with which the competition is now carried on tends in a slight degree to strengthen this effect. Every increase of difficulty renders it rather more probable that men of special mathematical talent will get in advance of men of general ability. Without trusting to Sir William Hamilton's assertion that mathematicians are generally incapable of reasoning, and often actually insane, we may admit that their peculiar gift is sometimes developed out of proportion to the other talents of its possessor.

#### WITNESSES TO CHARACTER.

EVERY one who has ever looked into a court of criminal justice must have heard witnesses examined to the character of the accused. "How long have you known the prisoner? What is his character for honesty?" The answer very commonly is—"I have known him for several years; I have had many dealings with him; I have always found him a strictly honest man." Such questions have been asked, and such answers given, in every Court of Assize or Quarter Sessions in England hundreds and thousands of times in every year. According to a decision of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved given last Saturday, they were all irregular, and are to be asked no longer. This is a piece of judicial legislation so singular, in point both of law and of policy, that it requires public notice, and, in our opinion, loudly demands the interference of Parliament.

The case arose as follows:—A man named Rowton was tried for an act of indecency. He called several witnesses, who gave him a character for morality and decency in the ordinary way. The counsel for the prosecution thereupon called in reply a witness who had been his pupil some years before, and he, being asked what was the prisoner's general character for decency and morality, said:—

I know nothing of the opinion of the neighbourhood, because I was a boy at school at the time I knew him; but my own opinion, and that of my brothers, who were also his pupils, was that his character was that of a man of the grossest indecency and immorality.

The prisoner's counsel objected, first, that the counsel for the Crown had no right to call witnesses to prove bad character; and,

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secondly, that the answer given ought to have been withdrawn from the jury, inasmuch as it related, not to the general reputation of the prisoner, but to his character in the sense of the disposition of his mind. The Court were unanimous in thinking that the Crown had a right to contradict evidence of good character by giving evidence of bad character, though, even on this point, Baron Martin expressed a little hesitation; but on the question whether evidence of character means evidence of reputation only, or includes evidence of disposition, they were divided. The Chief Justice of England, and Justices Blackburn, Keating, Mellor, Shee, and Byles, with Barons Martin, Channell, and Pigott, who formed the majority of the Court, held that evidence of character must be confined to evidence of general reputation, and that evidence of disposition was inadmissible. Chief Justice Erle and Justice Willes were of the contrary opinion. Notwithstanding the great authority arrayed on the successful side, we venture humbly to think that—alike on authority, on principle, and as a matter of policy—the minority were in the right. It is universally admitted that a witness to character cannot depose to particular facts. A witness, when asked "What is the prisoner's character for honesty?" cannot say, "I know that he picked up a purse of gold in the street, and restored it to its owner, when he might have kept it in perfect safety." It is universally admitted that he may say, "His reputation in the neighbourhood is that of an honest man"; but the question raised in Rowton's case was whether he might say, "I know him well, and have known him for twenty years, and know him to be an honest man;" and this question the judges have decided in the negative.

The conclusion certainly seems a wonderful one, and it is not easy to ascertain, from the report in the *Times*, what were the grounds on which it was based. The judgment of the Chief Justice of England is reported in such a compressed, imperfect, and even ungrammatical way (for instance, he is made to say, as a complete sentence, "The only point was by evidence of his general character, founded on the knowledge of those about him"—which is mere nonsense), that it is hard to understand by what process of reasoning he arrived at his conclusion. As reported, the judgment reads like a mere statement of the principle which had to be proved. It contains, however, one or two sentences in which the reporter appears to have got a glimmering of the Judge's meaning:—

He [the Chief Justice] thought that evidence of character was evidence of reputation only. He agreed that what they wanted to get at was the disposition of his [the prisoner's] mind to commit the particular offence; but no one had held that a question could be put directly to a witness called on behalf of a prisoner as to his disposition of mind.

Then follow several unmeaning fragments, including the strange sentence about "the only point was," quoted above. Then, again, comes a partially lucid interval:—

He thought no one would contend that evidence of specific facts could be given, although every one would agree that one fact would weigh infinitely more than the opinion of his [whose—every one's?] neighbours. The truth was, that that part of the law was an anomaly. The prosecutor could not go into evidence of the bad character of the prisoner. The practice to allow a prisoner to call evidence to character had grown up in our law. So it was found.

Considering the remarkable powers of expression possessed by the Judge to whom these sentiments are attributed, it certainly does seem hard that his judgment should be translated into such an extraordinary set of incoherent hints. It may, however, be conjectured that what he said was this:—that the present state of the law rested on no principle at all, that the practice of allowing prisoners to give evidence that their reputation was good had grown up by degrees and must be confined within limits more or less arbitrary, and that the line ought to be drawn between evidence of reputation and evidence of disposition.

If this is the principle established by the judgment, it would be hard to imagine one of greater practical inconvenience. It will, in fact, if carried out consistently, render evidence to character altogether useless and absurd. It will henceforth be lawful to give evidence as to a man's reputation, but not as to his disposition. But why does any one want to know about a man's reputation, except because it throws light on his disposition? and what is meant by reputation, except the opinion of a number of people about disposition? If A, B, C, and all the other letters of the alphabet down to Z, are acquainted with a man, and have an opinion about the honesty of his disposition, the sum of all their opinions makes up collectively his reputation for honesty; and if all of them were called, and each gave his opinion upon the subject, the man's whole reputation would, so to speak, be produced bodily before the Court. This, of course, can never be done; but if several people well acquainted with the accused person for many years give their opinion of his disposition, a very important part of his reputation—perhaps the most important part of it—is actually produced and laid open to cross-examination. This frequently happened under the law as it has hitherto been administered. It has been not at all uncommon to see several of the employers or other connexions of an accused person come forward and say, "I have known him for many years; I have had many dealings with him; I believe him to be a perfectly honest man, and always found him so." In future, A will be restricted to saying, "As far as I know, B, C, and D, &c., always thought him honest." B will say the same of A, C, and D, &c.; and so of the others. The result will be that the law will positively prefer hearsay evidence to direct evidence on a very important matter.

Perhaps the case which gave rise to the decision itself supplies the strongest possible illustration of the absurdity of the principle as now explained. A man who takes pupils maintains in general society a good character for morality and decency of behaviour. One of his pupils swears that by him and his companions the prisoner was considered to be capable of the grossest immorality. It is obvious that the pupils were far more likely to know the truth on such a matter than mere casual acquaintances, yet their evidence was shut out, whilst evidence of an obviously inferior kind was admitted. Nay, an even greater absurdity might arise. A person might know, and might even be an eyewitness, of the foulest immoralities on the part of a man who by hypocrisy kept up a good character for morality in the neighbourhood, and might yet with perfect truth testify to the fact that he had a high character:—"I have known him for thirty years most intimately. I never heard a word against him. He had always a most excellent character for morality. It is true that I personally know that he was one of the most vicious and degraded of men, but that is not what I am asked."

It is not, however, merely a question of policy. There are authorities on the subject which do not appear to have been sufficiently regarded by the Court. In the first place, it is the common routine of all criminal trials to ask witnesses to character generally what is the character of the person accused, and, as a matter of fact, they invariably understand the question to mean, "What is his disposition?" and answer accordingly; nor are they checked in giving such answers. It is hard to prove general practice, simply because it is general; but there are in the State Trials abundant instances of cases of great importance in which evidence of this kind was admitted by judges of the highest authority. Numerous instances might be given, but a few will be enough for our purpose. Perhaps the most striking illustration of all will be found in the famous case of O'Coigly, O'Connor, and others, who were tried for high treason at Maidstone in 1798. O'Connor was acquitted, and no doubt owed his acquittal, to a great extent, to the evidence given in favour of his character for loyalty by Erskine, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, and other eminent Whigs of that day. All of them gave evidence, not to reputation, but to disposition; and as the prosecution was conducted with great strictness, and three judges (Justice Buller being one) presided on the occasion, the weight of the authority is considerable. Lord Erskine, for instance, on being asked to state what O'Connor's character was, gave the following characteristic answer:—

I have a sincere regard and esteem for Mr. O'Connor, founded upon my opinion and belief that he is a man of the strictest honour and integrity—a man not only capable of, but who has made great sacrifices to, what he thinks right. If there be any more prominent feature in his character than another, as far as I am acquainted with it, it is a noble-mindedness and a high spirit of honour, and I therefore feel myself not only entitled, but bound upon my oath, to say, in the face of God and my country, as a British gentleman—which is the best thing that any man can be—that he is incapable, in my judgment, of acting with treachery and duplicity to any man, &c.

Mr. Fox was asked, "From your knowledge of Mr. O'Connor, have you any reason to believe him to be a man of dissimulation?" Again he was asked, "Is he cold and reserved, or ardent and affectionate in his friendship?" Lord Suffolk gave a long account of the extent of his acquaintance with O'Connor, specifying the number of times and the circumstances under which he had seen him, as introductory to his account of his character; and he then added:—

I certainly thought so much of him, that I always told Lady Suffolk and the rest of my friends I had met with one of the most extraordinary young men I had ever conversed with, both with regard to ability and, so far as I could judge, for moral character.

Another curious instance is that of Lord Nelson, who was called as a witness to the character of Colonel Despard. He said, after being checked by Lord Ellenborough for stating immaterial matter:—

We went on the Spanish Main together, we slept many nights together in our clothes upon the ground. We have measured the height of the enemy's wall together. In all that period of time no man could have shown more zealous attachment to his sovereign and country than Colonel Despard did. I formed the highest opinion of him at that time as a man and an officer.

Many other instances might be quoted, but these are sufficient to illustrate the proposition that judges of the highest authority, on occasions of the greatest moment, have allowed evidence to be given exactly similar to that which is now excluded; and any one who will read the report of O'Connor's trial may easily satisfy himself that the counsel for the Crown were not likely to allow any irregularity in favour of the prisoner. The policy of this is almost too plain for argument. Reputation is of all things in the world the least tangible and the most fallible. On the other hand, an opinion founded on intimate personal knowledge extending over many years is often a most important matter, and both may and ought in many cases to turn the scale, especially when the leading question in the case is one of credit or of motive. Suppose, for instance, the defence is that the prosecution is a conspiracy to extort money, and suppose the prisoner has from the first consistently denied the charge. Surely the facts that he is a man of good disposition, that for many years he has led a respectable life, and that he was in every way unlikely to commit the offence, are all-important. So in the case of a question as to intention. Suppose the question is whether a man took his friend's property feloniously or by accident. Character, in the sense of disposition, is everything, and mere general reputation next to nothing.

This decision adds one to the large number of small reforms in the criminal law which ought to attract the attention of Parliament, and which it is to be hoped will soon do so.

#### A CONVERTED CLOWN.

A GOOD example has lately been exhibited at Sheffield of the most approved process for making religion ridiculous in the eyes of the lower orders. The process is not perhaps entirely unknown amongst actors of more pretension; the antithesis between good taste and the vulgar manifestation of a certain vein of professedly religious sentiment receives only too frequent illustration. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the more repulsive features of the fanatical charlatan have to be covered with some thin veil of decency. Actors of low comedy occasionally creep into the pulpit, but they usually make some effort at sinking their professional characteristics. Mr. Spurgeon ventures upon a broad joke every now and then, but he has too much common sense, and indeed too much sense of humour, not to tone down his facetiousness into tolerable harmony with the occasion. It is at rare intervals that we get the absurdity neat. We do not often find the thoroughbred mountebank, any more than the genuine British bull-dog, in a public show. When we do, it is just worth while to examine his points, and make a note of his most salient peculiarities. As it is to be hoped that the breed is gradually becoming extinct, the last few times of occurrence should be set down, like the last appearances of the bustard, in *Notes and Queries*. It may at least throw some light upon the conditions under which this singular monster is generated. He may be defined as sharing the peculiarities of the most ignorant dissenting preacher without his sincerity, and those of the clown without his humour. The people of Sheffield have had a favourable opportunity for examining the properties of this rare compound when set in action. They have been treated to what playbills describe as a "perfect galaxy of talent." The leading star was Mr. Harvey Teasdale, "the well-known man-monkey and clown." He was effectively supported by a numerous company of prizefighters, habitual drunkards, and gentlemen whom the local reporter delicately describes as "men who have filled the lower walks of comedy." The meaning of this periphrasis is explained by the subsequent apparition of "a converted banjo-player"—banjo-playing being probably, as we infer with some astonishment, a negro form of fetish-worship. It will, of course, be understood that we describe the members of the company by their former professions. They are now united to form the "Hallelujah Band." They act as chorus to fill up the intervals between the man-monkey's performances. We have some specimens of the hymns with which they diversify the entertainment. The most effective are of the old type, designed to carry out the excellent plan of stealing the popular tunes from the devil. There is a certain difficulty in quoting absurdities guarded by the intermixture of sacred names and fragments of Scripture. Their general tone, however, may be guessed at from this exordium:—

I am a local preacher,  
My name is on the Plan;  
Jehovah is my teacher,  
And I'm a happy man—

which is followed by the easily imaginable account of his feelings. For example, he informs us poetically that when he commenced preaching he had not much to say, but told his own experience in his own simple way; although it appears that he has since found the attractions of rhyme indispensable. The more popular poems we should suppose to be those modelled on the John Brown pattern. That is to say, they have very little rhyme or reason, and a great abundance of hallelujahs. Thus:—

Can you tell me what ship is going to sail?  
Oh, glory, hallelujah!  
Yes the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!  
Can you tell me what cargo she has on board?  
Oh, there's none but happy Christians, hallelujah!  
Can you tell me the fare her passengers must pay?  
Oh, the King has paid the passage, hallelujah!

And so forth. Or, to take another example:—

You'd better be converted, converted, converted,  
You'd better be converted before the judgment day.  
You'll see the wicked trembling, trembling, trembling,  
You'll see the wicked trembling on that great day.  
You'll see the saints rejoicing, &c. &c. &c.

The great advantage of this style of writing is the opportunity afforded for a chorus, and a chorus seems to be necessary to allow the audience to discharge their excitement. Excitement is apt to be contagious, and when the gentlemen who conduct the service begin by taking off their coats and waistcoats, the audience are apt to lose the power of strict self-command. Gesticulations "of a violent and exhaustive character," recalling the earlier profession of some of the performers, justified this stripping for action. The culminating point of the performance, to which these minor demonstrations served as an effective background, was the destruction by the man-monkey of his theatrical properties. A bundle was produced, with the statement that its contents had long been used in the service of the devil. The dress in which Mr. Teasdale had performed the character of the "Wild Man of the Woods," with a variety of MS. books and plays, were handed over to the "Hallelujah Chorus," and by them destroyed, amidst approving yells from the audience. At last the identical dress in which he had appeared as man-monkey was brought out, stuffed

with straw, and the gentlemen in shirtsleeves fell upon it with their scissors, and reduced it to shreds and patches. An uncomfortable doubt might still haunt sceptical minds that these were not the genuine articles, whilst believers might lament that the same scene could never be repeated. To meet, at least, one class of objectors, a genuine unconverted clown was introduced. He testified to the authenticity of the properties, but before leaving he volunteered two very unpleasant statements. He asserted, in the first place, that the man-monkey had offered to sell him the goods for 2*l.* 10*s.*, which threw an unpleasantly mercenary odour upon the whole transaction; but he also affirmed that he had been credibly informed that the man-monkey had already destroyed his theatrical relics at Leeds. We are thus left in painful doubt as to the exact nature and extent of Mr. Teasdale's sacrifice.

One, and perhaps the most natural, conclusion is that the whole affair was merely a device for raising two pounds ten. We are, however, more inclined to believe that there was a certain infinitesimal residuum of sincerity at the bottom of it. The grotesque absurdity seems more characteristic of the effervescence of weak and excited brains than of downright imposition. A conscious and unmitigated humbug would hardly have had impudence enough to conceive the general outline of the performance. Some one, again, must have written the hymns, and some one has certainly taken the trouble to publish them. Even if the whole was a mere burlesque, it imitates, with more or less skill, some ideal extant in the minds of the victims. There is some nucleus not entirely composed of hypocrisy at the bottom of this superstructure of rubbish. There were probably some inhabitants of Sheffield who were really affected by this exhibition of converted banjo-players and repentant man-monkeys. One or two of the spectators or performers must have taken the whole thing seriously, and come away with a sense of having seen something edifying. An energetic prizefighter in shirtsleeves remarked, during the proceedings, "I know I am an enthusiast"; and, on the whole, we incline to think that he was. At any rate, a prizefighter in shirtsleeves, and in a fit of religious enthusiasm, is an impressive spectacle, especially to one of the class in whose eyes prizefighters are what first-class men are in the eyes of a poll-man—models of almost unattainable excellence. There have indeed existed, and perhaps there may still exist, districts well adapted for this style of oratory. In the backwoods of the Far West, the cross between parson and prizefighter formerly produced excellent raw material for missionaries. There is an authentic anecdote told by Peter Cartwright, the mighty preacher on the Ohio and Mississippi, who once held a ferryman under water till he promised to say the Lord's Prayer. On being interrupted by scoffers during a sermon, he descended from the pulpit and led his congregation to the charge; when the profane ringleader, in aiming a blow at him, exposed the side of his head. "It seems at that moment," says Peter, "I had not power to resist temptation, and I struck a sudden blow on the burr of the ear and dropped him to the earth." A drunken magistrate rashly interfering on the wrong side, Peter brought him also to the ground "by a sudden jerk forward, and jumped upon him." The respectable part of the congregation, encouraged by this example, rushed upon the mob, knocking them down in every direction. The chapel was cleared, and the sermon triumphantly concluded. This was, no doubt, really effective preaching. A Western pioneer would listen with unfeigned respect to the spiritual exhortations that followed. If it does not quite suit our views of the proper method of enforcing Christian truth, it indicates a rough vigour adapted to a certain state of society. It savours of the old Puritanical spirit, which might at times become grotesque, but could not be contemptible. You can't altogether despise a man who is capable of dealing inattentive hearers a terrific blow on "the burr of the ear," to say nothing of jumping upon them afterwards. It is possible, indeed, to perform antics intrinsically more absurd even than those on the Sheffield platform, without producing any sense of the ludicrous. The queerest contortions may indicate intense power within. If a force has to seek an outlet through half-instructed minds, the outward manifestations will probably be singular in proportion to its intensity. No one could have laughed with much comfort at the most eccentric vagaries of Cromwell's preachers. They might have made shreds out of stage-properties in the pulpit without looking ridiculous, because we should have felt that on small provocation they would have cut up the actors with the same scissors. The strangest outward signs of the force which impelled the conquerors of Naseby or Dunbar would acquire some sort of dignity. In the presence of any intense emotion or overwhelming power we lose all sense of the ridiculous. When, in a later age, Sydney Smith laughed the unlucky Methodists out of countenance, they were in the stage of insipid respectability. They represented nothing very terrible, nothing very forcible, and certainly nothing very intellectual. Even their absurdities would have been rather dull in the hands of any less humorous assailant. An assault upon the old Puritans had the dignity of the chase of some dangerous beast of prey; Sydney Smith's attack upon modern Methodists was like attacking pachydermatous oxen; but to criticise the performers at Sheffield is scarcely better than destroying vermin. After eliminating everything that gave dignity to the old Puritan, or that made the religious horseplay of Peter Cartwright useful in his generation, it seems that their outward shell of absurdity may still be preserved. The result is a set of idiotic antics, of which it is very difficult to decide whether they are mere antics, or whether some rudimentary vestiges of religious instinct may still lie at the bottom. The



burning of Mr. Teasdale's man-monkey costume may possibly have some greater religious significance than the annual destruction of Guy Faux; but to most observers, the two things are pretty nearly on the same level. It is hardly necessary to extract any moral from these sporadic outbursts of folly; they can indicate very little more than that a few persons, "who have filled the lower walks of comedy," have found some reason sufficient to themselves for taking to a walk still lower. It is a pity that they should bring any discredit, however infinitesimal, upon the cause which they profess to serve. On the whole, however, the meeting which was collected in the Sheffield Temperance Hall seems to have made a very fair estimate of the worth of their exhibition. We may perhaps congratulate ourselves on the fact that this class of performance is confined to the lowest class of society. At intervals, the revolting excesses of revivalism are stimulated into temporary notoriety; they do real injury when the contagion spreads over a larger area and is encouraged by those who should know better. We are glad to see the cause left for the present to the care of the "Hallelujah Band"; they will doubtless do what in them lies to drag it so deeply through the mud that no one will care to pick it up again.

#### THE "ORIGIN OF SPECIES" AND THE POLITICAL "STRUGGLE FOR LIFE."

DURING his canvass for Buteshire, Mr. Lamont got into trouble with the constituency in an entirely new way. Like Mr. Heath, who had the other day the privilege of being condemned for a perfectly original heresy, the Liberal candidate developed an entirely new difficulty for future wooers of the popular Protestant vote. Heaven knows there were pitfalls enough already in the way of men seeking seats. There were pledges sufficient, in strength and number, to satisfy the most rigorous requisitionists; there were plenty of obstructions, without the erection of another stone-wall to test the strength of senatorial heads; there were fatal epidemics, sweeping off weak and unprepared political constitutions without any occasion for "a new disease unknown to men." Mr. Lamont was in many respects a most orthodox and unobjectionable candidate for a highly pious and Protestant constituency. He denounced with becoming bitterness that crowning national iniquity, the grant to Maynooth. He not only demanded the "inspection," but the "suppression," of monasteries and nunneries, and probably would compel the expelled nuns to become washerwomen of Finchley Common. He also would repeal the Prison Ministers Bill, and leave Roman Catholic rogues in gaol to their own darkness and superstition, as an additional punishment for daring to commit offences against a Protestant Queen and Constitution. All this, however, we grieve to say, did not save him from sharp criticism; for, alas, a whisper went forth that he was a believer in Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species. How the fact became known, history does not record. Whether the unhappy man let out his dread misgivings in "high jinks" with his cronies across the "walnuts and the wine," or over the final glass of the national "toddy"; whether he muttered it to the sparrow alone upon the housetop, or entrusted it to the precarious keeping of a private and confidential note, or told it to some lady friend with strict injunctions to secrecy—we are not as yet aware. At all events, the secret came out; it became the legitimate property of all the gossips of Buteshire; and he had to account for a heresy that threatened to disqualify him for every post of honour, emolument, or trust in the power of a Presbyterian population to bestow. In reply to his enemies he attempted a plea in mitigation rather than a defence. He alleged that he gave to Mr. Darwin's theory only "a certain amount of concurrence"; but even a "little pitted speck" is enough to foretell the final corruption. Had the offender been a Papist, a Puseyite, or a follower of the Broad Church, it could have been understood as a "judgment," and the natural consequence, as the *Morning Advertiser* would say, of "German Rationalism"; but that a gentleman who was so sound on other Protestant questions, whose dislike to the Scarlet Lady was so hearty and so entire, should have fallen into this snare, is melancholy indeed. Had he confined himself, as he naturally ought to have done, to studying Dr. Cumming, Mr. Spurgeon, and other men who never deviate into science, this could not have occurred; but probably he was led astray by reading *Good Words*—that very mild Liberal periodical which was some time ago denounced by a Scottish Presbytery as tending to heterodoxy in its teaching and infidelity in its tone. And what made this predicament of Mr. Lamont the more pitiful was that the difference between him and his opponent was remarkably slight. Not Mr. Newdegate himself—the type of the almost extinct Tory—could be more thorough on the cardinal points of the intensely Protestant creed. He "supported Lord Palmerston," to be sure, but then every one does that; it is a kind of Catholic faith without which no candidate can be saved. It was, therefore, very hard that a man should be persecuted for reading, "with a certain amount of concurrence," one heretical book of scientific inquiry. "Woe worth the day" when the vicious volume entered the house of Lamont! That, with such a trivial distinction between him and his antagonist, he should be exposed to a fierce contest, was unfortunately only an illustration of one of the principles laid down in that fatal and fascinating publication—namely, that "the struggle for life is most severe between individuals and varieties of the same species, and often severe between species of the same genus." Like

that remarkably intelligent eagle who, according to two English poets, recognised its own lost property in the shape of a feather on the arrow piercing its breast, so Mr. Lamont may have sighed to see himself worried by bigotry so exceedingly like his own that it seemed as if inspired by himself. He went far enough, but the good folk of Buteshire went further; and, the proverb being altered, he fared worse.

Of course there was something very terrible to Buteshire in the dreadful theory thus adopted. Mr. Disraeli raised the war-cry when he declared that it was a question whether we had been originally apes or angels. He went in for the angels, and doubtless the Conservatives generally will take their stand on "those ethereal virtues," as Macaulay calls them. But for the Puritanical Act prohibiting flags, emblems, and treating at elections, we might have at every hustings portraits of Tory candidates with wings, and of Radical Lamonts profusely decorated with tails. As it is, we do not doubt that careful study of Mr. Darwin's book might supply hustings orators with excellent points. A lively speaker might thrill a mixed audience by indicating that horrible original possibility—unity of sex. Half the mothers of any community would denounce a candidate clearly convicted of believing with Darwin in "the generality of intercrosses between individuals of the same species," while his ideas on the "grouping of all organic beings" might be explained to mean Mormonism, or worse. When Darwin's book was first published, a discourse was overheard at a club, which ended with the indignant inquiry, "Do you believe, sir, that my ancestors were monkeys?" "I cannot say," was the reply, "but I am quite sure mine were." This, however, would not do on the hustings. We do not know which would be the more fatal—a confession that the candidate's great-grandfather had a tail, or an assertion that the ancestors of the independent electors were chimpanzees. To believe in the *Vestiges*, or in Sir Charles Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, may be harmless; we could even understand that a faith in the *Plurality of Worlds* would not oust a man from the Tower Hamlets, and that Finsbury might return a candidate who had doubts as to the Deluge, and who questioned Dr. Cumming's wisdom in fixing the Last Day. But, unhappily for its readers and believers, Mr. Darwin's book is not only a portion of science, but is most easily popularized. Every one has seen a monkey—even a costermonger can detect its comical likeness to humanity; and if you tell him that his great-grandfather was a big ape he will certainly understand you, though whether he will take the remark in the spirit in which it is made will greatly depend on his temper at the time. Besides, Mr. Darwin's book is in itself brief, pregnant, and full of pith; passages could be quoted from it, or put into popular shape, that would not misrepresent it at all, and yet would cause it to be received with a howl on any hustings in the land. Take his celebrated illustration of the black bear seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely open mouth catching insects in the water, and his inference that, after the lapse of centuries, such bears might be transformed, by slow successive changes, into whales; what could not street placards, election squibs, and hustings speeches make out of such a creed professed, or half professed, by the opposing candidate? How would a crowd receive the assertion that "the gentleman on the other side" maintained that their lungs—the lungs of "free-born Britons breathing their native air"—are nothing but swim-bladders enlarged? Could you persuade a Buckinghamshire farmer of the sanity of the man who believed that

A deer with a neck that is larger by half  
Than the rest of his family's—try not to laugh—  
By stretching and stretching becomes a giraffe;

and that

A very tall pig with a very long nose,  
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,  
And then by the name of an elephant goes.

How, in contrast to such heterodoxy, the orthodox suitor for the seat would perorate:—"Gentlemen, I do not believe that man is merely an ape with a pliable thumb, a big brain, and the gift of the gab (cheers). My honourable opponent may adopt the description if he likes (loud laughter), but for me, gentlemen, I rest my belief on"—and so on, until "the rotten hustings shake."

The question is, where will this cease? Are members of Parliament and candidates to be tested, and tortured, and put to the question for ever, and will the process only just stop short of vivisection? How many are the pledges that the unfortunate men have to swallow? Nearly every division of the United Kingdom has, in addition to general requirements, some local demand of its own, and a "Guide to Candidates" would be worth its weight in gold. There were counties that until lately were, as the Americans say, "death on hops"; you were forced to believe that the duty on that article of produce was, above all others, most onerous and oppressive. In the North of England you must forswear strong drink and promise to support the Permissive Bill, so called because it will not permit the minority of a teetotal parish to drink beer. In Coventry you must pledge yourself to repeal the French Treaty, if you can. In Wales—we are not quite sure on what particular rock Welsh candidates may now split—but formerly it was fatal if they did not see the necessity of a Bishop versed in the vernacular. As to Ireland, the pledges exacted might make a pretty patchwork quilt of yellow, red, green, and orange—for every shade of provinciality and sectarianism is represented. Is this to go on for ever? Are aspirants to legislative honours to have no mercy shown to them? Are an "ill-used

race of men" to have no Royal Society for the Prevention of such Cruelty? And when the prize is won—

Grant the success and now behold the pains,  
Eleven to three—Committee upon Drains!  
From three to five, self-commune and a chop;  
From five to dawn, a bill to pass or stop;  
Which stopt or passed leaves England much the same.

And for this men submit to be questioned querulously, insolently, or—worse than all—familiarily, by any "butcher, baker, and candlestickmaker" in the borough; and poor Mr. Lamont must explain his half-belief in a scientific volume that probably not three men in Buteshire have read. The Emperor Nicholas said that a Parliamentary Government, with all its shifts and compromises, tended to destroy the private honour of highbred gentlemen; and though he was, according to our Poet Laureate, "a giant liar," it is possible that what he said had sometimes a colouring of truth.

Certainly, if there ever was a scientific theory that a politician might be excused for holding, it is that of Darwin's in some of its inferences and generalizations. What is the growing of web-feet on birds, newly forced to find their food by the river-side, compared with the development of popular doctrines in a candidate who is Conservative in his study, but ferociously Radical when he has to catch votes from the mob? The neck of the giraffe is an inference drawn out pretty far from that of the deer, but does not a Radical or subordinate Whig stretch upwards as wonderfully to the House of Lords? "Cattle," says Darwin, "absolutely determine the existence of the Scotch fir"; do not those very "kittle cattle"—Buteshire constituents—now threaten to determine the existence of a Scotch member? We also learn that in some cases the meaner forms of life influence the higher, as when "insects determine the existence of cattle"; and have we not seen the language and votes of a member of Parliament precisely measured by the meanest intellects of his constituency? Mr. Thackeray, going down to Oxford, promised to "consider the ballot," as if he had not considered it before; and a thoughtful man like Professor Fawcett becomes, at Brighton, the indiscriminate eulogist of the working-man. As for slower changes, we have adaptability shown in Mr. Disraeli, a Radical at Aylesbury, transformed into a High Church Tory; Mr. Milner Gibson, a youthful Tory, blossoming into the pupil of the Manchester School; or Sir Benjamin Hall, the popular member, changing into the common house Whig—in fact, the Radical bear, swimming like Hearne's typical brute in the waters below the gangway, with its mouth open for what it could catch, transmuted at last into a lordly whale. For necessity and use is the law of political change, as of Darwinian development and transmutation, and we have in public life plenty of men who illustrate the great truth—

That the fears of a monkey whose hoit chanced to fall  
Drew the ventriloquist out to a prehensile tail.

#### MASTERS AND MEN.

THE history of strikes has arrived at a turning point which may, for good or for evil, have the most momentous consequences both for masters and men. For the first time on any large scale, the principle of a tribunal of reference, composed of delegates from employers and employed, has been frankly accepted; and though this new basis is one which the better-informed among the operatives have long been struggling to obtain, it is not impossible that the triumph which they have secured may bring at least as much advantage to the employers of labour as to the members of Trade-unions.

From the first organization of trade societies to the present time, the chronic differences between labour and capital have continually shifted their ground, and though occasional strikes have ended disastrously to the men, the general movement has been constantly more and more in favour of their pretensions. The masters, as a class, commenced the struggle on a ground that was utterly untenable. Their theory was (we are speaking now of times long past), that all concert and combination among the candidates for employment was tantamount to conspiracy, and the law went so far as almost to sanction this arbitrary claim. Each master insisted on his right to deal with every single bricklayer, carpenter, or labourer in his employ as an individual, free not only from intimidation on the part of his fellows, but from all the influences of *esprit de corps*, and, at any rate, from the dictation or seduction of any trade association. Neither masters nor men were blind to the obvious consequence of such a régime. Individually, each separate worker was incomparably weaker than the man to whom he looked for wages, and, if co-operation were put down, every employer of labour would practically have a power over his hands little short of that which a planter possesses over his slaves. As a matter of fact, trade never did get regulated on this footing. Lawfully or unlawfully, the men did combine to bring the strength of their numbers to bear in support of any of their class whom they considered to be in danger of being crushed by the strength of capital. The right of union, which the law had in vain endeavoured to destroy, was finally recognised, subject only to the condition that nothing in the nature of intimidation should be applied to those among the working-men who did not choose to submit themselves to the government of a trade committee.

The concession of this right closed the first stage of the controversy, and left abundance of very awkward questions to be solved by the course of events. When once a strike

became lawful, the power of the men was enormously increased. It is true there are, even to the present time, large numbers of non-union men in every trade, and on any dispute with a trade-society it is possible for a master to fall back on this resource. Without intimidation or bribery, the Union would be wholly unable to bring any force to bear upon the minds of their secessionist comrades, but a thousand forms of seduction and terror were soon found to be practicable without much risk of legal consequences. Almost all of the trade-societies outwardly disclaim any appeal to illegal pressure, and, as a rule, the resort to actual violence to support a strike has become much more rare than it was some years ago throughout the country, and still is in a few exceptional districts. The improved conduct of the men is in itself a proof of their growing power. Their associations are becoming so strong, their organization so complete, and their resources so considerable, as to enable them to sustain a strike which has been ordered by their delegates without the stringent means of persuasion which were once indispensable. That strikes have become peaceable, and comparatively free from illegality, is one point more in the game scored to the side of the operatives and against their employers.

When matters had arrived at this stage, not only had the arbitrary power the masters once enjoyed been lost for ever, but there was great danger that a power at least as arbitrary would soon be wielded by a secret court of delegates omnipotent over the men by force of agreement, omnipotent over the masters as the necessary consequence. When once the whole, or substantially the whole, industrial strength of the country should be fused into one universal organization, there would be an end to all bargains between a master and his workmen, and the grand desideratum of the leading operative agitators would be attained—that labour should employ capital just as capital once employed labour. Singly, the men were impotent against those who paid them; united, they would be irresistible; and to this last condition matters have been rapidly progressing.

The only plan by which the great employers have hitherto endeavoured to restore their old preponderance, or at least to prevent it from passing to the side of labour, has been counter-association. When Trade Committees have ordered a strike, Masters' Associations have agreed upon a lock-out, and in some few instances the employers have been sufficiently alarmed to hold by one another until the Unions were forced to give way. But such instances have been, and probably always will be, exceptional. There is keen competition to divide the masters, and no such class-feeling among them as serves to keep the men faithful to their obedience, even when the decrees of their chosen leaders mean destitution and actual starvation. If combination could have been carried out as effectually on the one side as on the other, every trade difference might have involved a dead-lock to the whole industry of the country. In the end, the masters would have won in such a battle, for no strike can be permanent unless it is fed by the contributions of men who are still at work, earning wages enough to enable them to support those who are commanded to be idle for the benefit of their order. But such concert on the side of the masters seems to be impossible, and perhaps it is as well that it should be so. At any rate, unless another basis can be found for trade regulations, the ultimate victory of the men is inevitable; and the victory, when won, would disorganize the whole trade of the country, and prove not only barren, but more ruinous to the men themselves than to the capitalists, whom they would drive to other modes of employing their money. This, in fact, is what has happened again and again in Ireland, where, as a rule, the masters have been completely beaten whenever it pleased their men to strike. More than one lucrative branch of trade has been annihilated in Dublin and other Irish towns by the successful issue of a strike, and the prevailing rate of wages in that unlucky country is the best comment on the wisdom of the proceeding. Of late there have been some indications of a desire on the part of the operatives in the building trades to push their demands to an extent that would in the end prove fatal to their own interests; and at the same time the masters, by their false move in the matter of the discharge-note, have laid themselves open to the charge of attempting to regain their old standing ground, and to impose the penalty of absolute exclusion from work upon every man who may exercise his legal right of joining in a strike. In abandoning their discharge-note, the masters have receded from a position which they were not strong enough or united enough to hold, and from the tone of the recent conferences it may be hoped that the Unions will be wise enough also to act in a spirit of moderation.

That the attempt to grasp an undue share of power has not been confined, in the recent disputes, to the masters, is sufficiently evidenced by the course of a very singular strike among the Manchester bricklayers. The foreman of a builder, engaged under the superintendence of an architect in erecting some public buildings for the county authorities, committed the offence of promoting a new hand to the post of gang-leader, which, according to the trade rules, should be bestowed in order of seniority at the work. A strike was directed, and the condition of reconciliation was the dismissal of the foreman who had violated the customs of the trade. The builder refused to discharge a useful servant, and struggled to go on with his work by the aid of non-union hands. The usual course of picketing and seduction was pursued; and though it was not entirely successful in stopping the works, it did cause delays, for which the magistrates and their



architect might, if they had been harshly disposed, have ousted the builder from his contract. In an evil hour for himself, the architect attempted to mediate, but failed to induce the contractor to discharge the obnoxious foreman. Thereupon the men complained that the architect and his employers had been too indulgent to their contractor, in not taking advantage of his delays to forfeit his contract, or putting such pressure upon him as would have forced him to yield to the demands of the men; and, as retribution for this alleged shortcoming, a second strike was ordered on all the works in Manchester which were under the superintendence of the offending architect. Thus, because a gang-leader is appointed in a manner inconsistent with the Society rules, the foreman is condemned to dismissal; because the foreman is not dismissed, the builder is subjected to a strike; because the architect does not put pressure enough on the contractor, he too is assailed by the same weapon; and, to carry out the same principle, the next step should have been to declare that thenceforth no more public work should be done in the county which was disgraced by the irregular appointment of a leader to a gang of labourers. All this, of course, is a perfectly logical consequence of the legality of strikes; and as the principle, whatever it may lead to, is too sound to be displaced by the old absolutist doctrines in favour of the masters, and too well supported to be defeated by any combination of employers (as the failure of the discharge-note movement sufficiently shows), it seems clear that, unless the new scheme of arbitration shall supply a means of escape, the operatives are in a fair way to acquire an amount of organized power which, if used to its full extent, is pretty certain to prove fatal both to masters and men.

It is too early at present to criticize the details of the arrangement which has just been come to at the conference between the masters and men at Coventry. The substance of it is, that an equal number of delegates from each side shall be constituted a tribunal of reference, who are to elect a chairman, by whose casting vote all questions on which there may be an equal division are to be decided. The danger of the scheme seems to be that the chairman must be a delegate either of one or the other side, and that the party which succeeds in getting the casting vote may be tempted to push its demands so far as to risk the failure of the whole project. It would have seemed a better course to appoint an entirely independent umpire as referee in case of equal division; but experience may perhaps have impressed on both sides the wisdom of moderation, without which the new tribunal will fail to command respect, and must in that case be soon abandoned, instead of becoming a precedent for a more rational mode of settling trade disputes than the appeal to the *ultima ratio* of strikes and lock-outs. The attempt, at any rate, deserves all the encouragement which it can receive from those who wish too well to labour to desire to see capital placed absolutely at its mercy.

#### TO PERSONS FROM THE COUNTRY.

IN an action lately tried, the demand was for three months' rent of a furnished house; and the defence was, that the house was unfit for decent and comfortable habitation. Many worthy persons shrink, with a delicacy of feeling which we are bound to respect, from mentioning the species of insect which caused the unfitness of this house; and just as the Greeks abstained from uttering the awful name of the Erinyes, and preferred to say the Benevolent Deities, so it might be proper to veil the terrible character of the plagues of modern civilization by speaking of them as the victims of Harper Twelvetyrees. Euphemisms, however, are very well in ordinary conversation; but when one comes to business it is better to speak plainly, for the law books contain more than one example of troublesome litigation which has arisen out of a want of distinctness of questions and answers in negotiations about taking houses. In the present case, both the lady who was treating for the house and her solicitor had part in the preliminary inquiries. The lady, with a vagueness of expression proper to her sex, avoided the formidable word, and merely asked whether the house was clean. The solicitor, with a straightforwardness at once manly and professional, inquired, "Are there any bugs?" The landlady answered that there was not such a thing in the house. It is a remarkable fact that, according to the reports of landladies, there never are any bugs in London houses, except perhaps one, or at the outside two, which the tenant has recently imported into the house amongst his luggage. The house was hired, and the lady, with two daughters, a son, and a servant, took possession of it. The tenancy commenced on the 4th of August last, when the weather, as may be remembered, was decidedly warm, and the insect tribes particularly cheerful and industrious. All the members of the family were called as witnesses on the trial, and they all stated that on the first night of occupation they were disturbed and bitten. The son left his bed and lay on the floor. The daughters were, as the report says, disfigured. The servant spoke to the destruction of six tormentors, one of which was described as "larger than a ladybird." An upholsterer saw two in the daytime, walking down the parlour window-curtains. After remaining another night, the lady removed with her family from the house, sent back the key, and refused to pay any rent. It might be thought that this was a tolerably strong case, but it was not strong enough to induce the jury to find a verdict in the lady's favour. It was not denied, on the other side, that there might have been one or two insects, "probably brought into the house from the railway carriages"; but it was contended that there was

nothing to render the occupation of the house inconvenient. A barrister, a solicitor, and two other witnesses, besides the plaintiff, concurred in stating that they had never seen or felt any such insects in the house. It does not appear from the report when or how these witnesses gained their experience; but, if they slept in the house about the same time of the year as the defendant and her family, it can only be inferred that they possessed an exceptional and enviable sleeping power. There are persons whom these insects will not, and others whom they will, bite; and it may well be that they would scarcely stir out of their holes for the sake of puncturing the hide of a London lawyer, dry as the parchment in which he deals, when the person of a fresh country girl would rouse them to a ravenous pitch of appetite. It was, of course, a question for the jury whether the numbers and activity of the insects were so great as to render the house inconvenient. The jury may have thought that people who come up to London from the country, in the hottest month of a particularly hot season, must prepare to submit to much that is unpleasant. If you complain of ugly insects walking down the window-curtains in the daytime, you might as well find fault because what are called euphemistically social evils sun themselves in Regent Street during the same hours. If you are so healthy and rosy that these insects choose to suck your blood, you ought to be thankful for a proof of purity of bodily system which many Londoners, members of learned professions and others, do not enjoy. There are persons who have travelled much, and known the climates and the vermin of many lands, who go so far as to say that they don't object to an insect who takes out his claim and works it fairly, and it is only against those that go prospecting over the entire body that they feel called upon to take extreme measures. Whether the jury in this case had travelled much, or whether they had lived in London all their lives, and occupied themselves in letting furnished lodgings, does not appear; but they found without hesitation a verdict for the plaintiff for the amount of rent, which shows that, upon the balance of evidence, they were not satisfied that the house was inconvenient, or perhaps they thought that the defendant had not done all that was possible to mitigate the nuisance before throwing up the house.

A motion was made for a new trial of the case, but the Court considered that the question in it lay peculiarly within the province of a jury, and therefore declined to interfere. Some discussion arose upon this motion as to the rule of law applicable to the case, and it may be interesting to unlearned readers to be informed that the reports contain two leading cases on the subject of bugs. In one of these cases, *Smith v. Marrable*, the defendant took a furnished house at Brighton, and finding, after one night's occupation, that it was infested with bugs, informed the plaintiff, who sent a person to endeavour to get rid of them. As the means used were unsuccessful, the defendant, at the end of a week, sent the key of the house to the plaintiff, moved into another house, and paid the plaintiff a week's rent. The action was brought to recover rent for the residue of the period for which the house had been taken. Lord Abinger, who tried the case, told the jury that in point of law the house must be supposed to have been let upon an implied condition that it was fit for habitation, and that, if they thought the nuisance was intolerable, they ought to find a verdict for the defendant. Upon a motion in the Court of Exchequer for a new trial, which was refused, Lord Abinger said he was glad that authorities had been found to support the defence, but for his own part he thought the case was one which common sense alone should enable the Court to decide. He added an expression of his wonder that the defendant had remained so long in the house, and had given the landlord so much opportunity of trying to remove the nuisance. We shall see presently, however, that the subject of bugs is much too difficult for Courts to undertake to decide upon it by common sense alone. A year afterwards occurred the case of *Hart v. Windsor*, from which it appears that in the previous case the Court, surrendering itself somewhat too hastily to the guidance of common sense, and possibly carried away by the feelings of pity and horror, naturally excited by the sufferings of the defendant's wife and family during that week in a furnished house at Brighton, had laid down a broad principle of decision, which it was afterwards obliged to modify. It will be found on reference to that great repository of technical learning, *Meeson and Welsby's Reports*, that the argument of counsel in the second of these cases obliged the Court to eat its own words uttered in the first—a process which must be almost as disagreeable as that of being bitten by a bug. The argument in the second case was most ingenious and elaborate, bringing before the Court all authorities, bearing either directly or indirectly upon the subject of bugs, from the very earliest period of the English law. The declaration stated that the plaintiff agreed to let, and the defendant to take, a house and garden at a yearly rent, and that the defendant entered and occupied, and a quarter's rent became due and was unpaid. The defendant pleaded that the house was let to him for the purpose of his dwelling therein, and that the same was not reasonably fit for habitation, "for and by reason of the same being greatly infested, swarmed, and overrun with noxious, stinking, and nasty insects called bugs," and the defendant, after he entered the house, first had notice of the condition thereof, "and of the same being so infested, swarmed, and overrun with bugs as aforesaid," and thereupon he quitted the same. A verdict was found for the defendant upon this plea, and the plaintiff now contended that the plea, although proved, afforded no answer to the action. This was a lease of a house and land, and the plea, saying nothing about the land, set up

a nuisance existing in the house only. The plaintiff's counsel made it clear, upon the old authorities, that the law looked only to the land, and cared nothing about the condition of the house upon it. The ancient lawyers would probably have said, that if the defendant could not sleep for the bugs in the house, he might go out into the garden, just as in another case they told a suitor, who complained of a muddy road, that, "if he went that way before in his shoes, he might now pluck on his boots." It has been held that the tenant is liable to pay rent, although the house be destroyed by fire, because the fire cannot burn the land; and even if the land be covered with water by an inundation, the rent must still be paid, and in that case the tenant's consolation, as stated in the language of the old law, is, that *il overa le piace en le eue*. There was a later case, in which the tenant was obliged to pay rent although the premises had been seized and turned into a hospital by the Parliament during their war with King Charles I.; and this case may have had a particularly close application to the case before the Court, because it is in the highest degree probable that the Round-head soldiers would have left bugs behind them. The defendant's counsel suggested to the Court what was, as we think, a very similar case to that before it—namely, the case of a house infested with wild beasts, so that possession could not be given by the lessor. The Court felt itself obliged to yield to the authority of the cases cited for the plaintiff, and to hold that, where there is a lease of an unfurnished house, there is no contract implied by law, on the part of the lessor, that the house is reasonably fit for habitation. The Court further thought that, even if such a contract were implied generally, it would be doubtful whether it ought to be implied in this case, where the defendant had agreed to "preserve" the house in a tenable condition—which appears to mean that, in the opinion of the Court, it was the duty of the defendant to have remained and extirpated the bugs, instead of allowing them to drive him out of the house. There is a rule of law that the only "eviction" of the lessee which can be an answer to a demand for rent is an eviction by the lessor, or by some one claiming by title paramount; and, therefore, an eviction by bugs could not be an answer. The result of the case is, that if the parties intend a lease to be void by reason of unfitness of the house for habitation, they should express their intention in the lease. The Court, however, did not question the decision in the previous case of *Smith v. Marrable*, but only limited the principle which was stated to be the ground of it; so that the law appears to stand thus:—In the case of letting an unfurnished house there is not, but in the case of letting a furnished house, or part of a house, there is, an implied contract that the house or part of a house shall be reasonably fit for habitation. An unfriendly critic might say, after reading these two cases, that the Court of Exchequer, having in an unguarded moment deviated into common sense, had taken the earliest possible opportunity to retrace its steps.

The foregoing statement of the law was adopted in the recent case, and persons who think of taking houses in London may do well to bear it in mind, as well as the verdict of the jury, which appears to show that you ought to stay in a house a week, and get very badly bitten indeed by bugs, before venturing to suppose that you have made your case strong enough to take into court. For if you complain of the discomfort of your first night in London, a jurymen might consider that you might with as much justice come up from a rural district and walk into a shop and buy goods, and then complain that you had been cheated. A great city contains many tribes of predatory animals, large and small, and visitors from the country do get bitten in various ways in London.

#### THE LONDON POLICE.

**A**MONG the many blunders committed by enthusiastic Frenchmen who write on English institutions, none is more strikingly incomprehensible to the people who live in the midst of those institutions than the glowing panegyrics invariably passed upon "le policeman." In private life, a visitor of excessive complaisance frequently congratulates his entertainer, with exceptional warmth, on something or other which unfortunately happens to be the chief bane of the entertainer's existence. With amiable perversity he insists on admiring, with all the intensity of ignorance, one or two of your most objectionable acquaintances, or the wine which you are well aware is the worst in the cellar, or the dutiful attentions of a son whom you are thinking of cutting off with a shilling. Many people have an inborn knack of invariably envying in a friend what to everybody else, himself included, unquestionably appears his weakest point. In their unaccountable obliquity of mental vision, they can see nothing in its common aspect, but place themselves in a wilful antipodean posture towards all the rest of the world. The foreigner's admiration for London policemen no doubt arises more from ignorance than from any natural incapacity to distinguish between an efficient and an exceedingly inefficient public servant. If he knew what we have to undergo at the hands of the eulogized official, his admiration would certainly change into very sincere sympathy for the supposed objects of that official's guardianship.

Although a very young department of the public service, the police force has already attained perfect maturity in most of the arts which have procured for Government offices so unenviable a

notoriety. The points of resemblance between a policeman and a Government clerk are becoming every day more numerous, and it may soon be a matter for reasonable discussion which of the two has more thoroughly grasped the principles of the master science, How not to do it. There are, of course, accidental differences. The clerk lounges gracefully in warm rooms, and has the solace of congenial companions and occasional chicken-hazard. The policeman has to saunter inelegantly through dull streets in comparative solitude, broken only by occasional chats with mere civilians, for it should be known that Scotland Yard now divides mankind broadly into policemen and civilians. But the clerk may have to copy at least four short letters in the course of the day, while the policeman may commonly retire to private life at the end of his watch with the proud consciousness that he has been doing absolutely nothing beyond taking the amount of exercise requisite for his health. Still, trifling differences of this sort do not affect the fundamental identity of nature between the fashionable youth of Parliament Street and Pall Mall and Somerset House and their more able-bodied imitators. Each has the same prime antipathy, and each gratifies it in the same effective fashion. The troublesome public is the common enemy, and the common remedy is to snub and insult the public. The police system of snubbing is perhaps rather the less perfected of the two, for pretty obvious causes. The rudeness of a Government clerk to anybody who is so unfortunate as to have any public business to transact with him is supremely offensive from the fact that, under unofficial circumstances, the creature would behave with average good-breeding. But an ill-mannered policeman is what one expects, and therefore his snubbing, whether he be high or low in the force, is not more galling than the insolence of an over-paid cabman. Still, very few people really like being trampled on, even by a policeman; and it is an open question, among persons of experience, whether more audacity is required in going to pay legacy duty at Somerset House or in applying at Whitehall for the restoration of some lost property in the hands of the police. The property must be very valuable indeed which would induce the loser to pay a second visit for the sake of recovering it. We come away with the humiliating conviction that the policeman, though admitting the temporary force of the claim, fully believes that we have not come too honestly by our own; just as, at Somerset House, we are made to feel exceedingly ashamed and criminal at having anything to do with legacies and successions. No doubt the police classification of all civilians into offending and offended parties is convenient, and it simplifies matters to regard both classes as equally tiresome and obnoxious to the so-called guardians of order. One of two things is wanting to make the policeman's life one of perfect comfort and satisfaction. Either people should cease to do wrong, or else the victims should cease to make a fuss about wrong-doing. Either burglars and pickpockets should turn to more peaceful pursuits, or else the people who are plundered and violently assaulted should possess their souls in patience. It is not of the slightest importance, in the mind of the policeman, in which way the reform is effected. He is quite indifferent whether his millennium is brought about by the extermination of offenders or the silencing of prosecutors. But the latter seems the process which promises to be most speedily effective, and he pursues it therefore with correspondingly greater zeal.

Considering the significance of this Scotland Yard theory of life and society, we cannot be surprised at the dislike with which the police authorities regard any efforts on the part of "civilians" to procure amendment in the police administration. The most stupid old martinet in the service does not look with a more lofty contempt on the military criticisms of "Our Own Correspondent" than that with which Sir Richard Mayne and his subordinates regard any expression of public opinion. Theoretically, of course, the Metropolitan Police Force is under the control of the Home Secretary; but the notion of any living creature being under the control of Sir George Grey must often furnish genuine amusement to his nominal subordinates in Whitehall Place. So long as this amiable gentleman plays at being Secretary of State, the Chief Commissioner will no doubt do as he likes, and "civilians" will continue to be snubbed and the public convenience to be systematically obstructed. But it is to be hoped that some future Minister will set up a rather different theory of the *raison d'être* of a policeman. The present doctrine appears to be that the sole duty of the police is to discover—or rather *not* to discover—and apprehend criminals. All the other duties commonly included in civilized countries as matters of police are in London studiously shirked, and consequently in many respects the English metropolis is as barbarous as a village in Africa or Tipperary. If a little boy takes your pocket-handkerchief under the very eyes of a policeman, he will possibly be carried off to the station-house, but a whole army of blackguards may assemble in Kensington Gardens, as they did last week, and assail passers-by with snowballs and trample them in the mud with absolute impunity. The magistrate might well ask "What point of honour or nonsense" restrains the police from interfering in such a case? The infamous transactions in the parks after nightfall are certainly as well known to the police as to everybody else, but the preservation of public decorum is no part of a policeman's duty. Unless some gross indecency is perpetrated actually before him, he is as unconcerned as Sir George Grey himself. As for the abominations of the streets at night, Sir Richard Mayne has just proclaimed his impotency to remove or restrain them. The Act of Parliament, he says, only permits the police to interfere when



a prostitute deliberately annoys a passenger. So that, unless one of these wretched women actually worries a passenger so persistently that he is willing, for the sake of revenge, to encounter the fatigue of finding a policeman, and then solemnly to give his persecutor in charge, London must remain apparently the foulest capital in Europe. It would be interesting to know the policeman's estimate of the comparative annoyance inflicted on the public by women, and by the wretches who earned a shilling by walking between two advertising boards all day. The spectacle of a dozen or twenty men walking in a solemn string, with placards on their backs expressive of the delight with which they had seen *Peep o' Day*, and of their intention to see it again, was certainly not particularly gratifying, but it did not revolt every decent and kindly sentiment as does the evil which Sir Richard Mayne expressly says he has no power to interfere with. There is something especially provoking in these furious raids against the most trifling of nuisances, while serious evils are as cautiously avoided as if they were possessed of indefeasible vested rights. Why, people were more annoyed and inconvenienced by the scandalous condition of the public ways last Saturday and Sunday than they were by the board-men in a twelvemonth. This, it is true, is, in the first instance, the fault of the parish authorities; but it is distinctly the business of the police, in a matter of this kind, to see that the public are not subjected to gratuitous inconveniences. On what principle, again, have the police a right to suppress boardmen, which would not also impose on them the duty of suppressing professional mendicants? Sir Richard Mayne is scarcely so penetrated with the spirit of circumlocution as to deny that a policeman ought to prevent importunate street-begging. The peculiar efficiency with which this duty is performed may be at once tested by any one who will take the trouble to walk from Hyde Park Corner to the Bank, and count how frequently he is accosted by beggars. It is not too much to say that the laxity of the police on this point, acting doubtless in conformity to their instructions, is the chief cause of the mendicancy which prevails to an incredible and unequalled extent in the streets of London. It may be said that English feeling is very intolerant of police interference, and that all the sympathy would be with the beggar, and all the odium on the policeman who took him up. This kind of argument is always resorted to when a man cannot deny the impregnability of his adversary's position, but yet will not give in. It is tantamount to this:—"You are incontrovertibly right, but English opinion on everything is so utterly wrong, and at the same time so hopelessly deaf to reason, that you may just as well think like other people." No doubt we dislike police interference, but only when it is vexatious and uncalled for, and in any case it is a perilous doctrine to hold that a department should be administered in deference to the prejudices of the least educated and least thoughtful part of the community.

It may be admitted that English opinion is hostile to interference which is based on nothing more respectable than the arbitrary caprice of an official. For instance, the Act which orders refreshment-houses to be closed from one to four in the morning, with a culpable vagueness which will probably be amended next Session, gave the police discretionary power to make exceptions. The coffee-houses of Covent Garden make the precise sort of case for the exercise of this power. The persons who bring their wares to the market from the suburbs do not get there, after a long trudge, before one, and by four they must be hard at work. Yet Sir Richard Mayne, in reply to a deputation, said he could see nothing in these circumstances which made a special case within the contemplation of the Act. But we are not left quite in the dark as to what such a special case really is. The Act, it will be remembered, was passed with the intention of throwing one more obstacle in the way of loose women congregating together in public-houses. During the week of the Cattle Show, the conductors of a well-known Casino got permission to keep it open beyond the hour of the Act, because the circumstances were exceptional. It was with a view, then, to the town diversions of the farmer and the grazier that the Legislature conferred these discretionary powers on the police authorities. If Sir Richard Mayne's interpretation is correct, we shall really begin to advocate most strenuously the admission of ladies to Parliament, so that this Casino and Cattle-Show clause may be as speedily repealed as possible.

#### THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON CHURCH EXTENSION AND THE RIGHTS OF WORSHIPPERS.

THE Archbishop of York has held out his apron at Sheffield, and "plums" have come tumbling into his lap. If the triumph of the orator be the bending the wills of his audience, *delectare suavitatis, flectere victorie*, his success must be deemed complete. He has proved the flexibility of the Sheffield steel. The men of substance in the place have shown themselves true as the metal which they manipulate. Famous for hardware, they have shown the moral merit of hard cash ready in a good cause. "We have already," says His Grace, as reported in the *Times* of January 23, "a most munificent promise of 5,000*l.* from one individual, to construct a church in a district by him to be designated." Nor is such a nugget as this an isolated example, as we may judge from the further statement on the same authority, that "at a private meeting on Wednesday a paper was hastily handed round, and 3,800*l.* was promised in the room." The Archbishop proceeds to mention with a passing touch the similar outpouring in the ad-

jacent diocese of "his brother of Ripon," even as his apostolic predecessor reminded certain Macedonian converts of the readiness of them of Achaia; not that he "rests his claim upon any mere rivalry" between adjacent dioceses or townships, but the fact just admits of a significant glance as a "provocation to love and to good works"; and he then passes on:—

I rest it upon this—here are numbers of your fellow-townsmen without a place to worship in, without adequate provision for worship of any kind, and without proper spiritual ministrations; without any one to go to them when they are sick, any one to tell them where to take their children to school, and the like. It is on that ground, and not on any other, that I rest the claim with which I appear before you to-day. Here I ought not to deny myself the satisfaction of mentioning the name of Mr. John Brown.

Mr. John Brown, it appears, is the donor of the first-named sum of 5,000*l.* There is no mistaking the popularity of a cause in which "Mr. John Brown" comes forward with 5,000*l.* It is of no use refining on so very broad a fact; but as we rather think "there are several John Browns about," it only remains to wish that the rest may "do likewise." There is a smack of heartiness about the proceeding which marks the heart of the English commonality as sound to the core. More aristocratic surnames "may flourish and may fade." Here is the pith and sinew of the great commercial *plebs* typifying its liberality in Mr. John Brown and his 5,000*l.* But the Archbishop is not content with what magnates may cast into the best of treasuries. He will have that best of offerings, the "mite" of those who have nothing else to give; "we will take," he says, "the poor man's sixpence, or even his penny, if he will give it." No doubt, "with such an example, the sum will be easy to raise." There is Jones, and there is Robinson, ready to follow in the wake of Brown. Their money is burning holes in their breeches pockets. It will out and flow in the same channel where that of their brother millionaire has flowed before.

We hope Mr. John Brown will forgive our thus treating him in a typical rather than in his individual character, and will feel the compliment of being considered a "representative man." The good round figure for which he stands justifies the remark that, if munificence be no longer a virtue within the personal reach of our prelates, it is even more satisfactory that they should be "the cause of munificence in others"; and that, although no longer themselves the fountains of wealth, they yet can touch the hard rock with such grace as to set the hidden sources flowing withal. But the highest mark of sensation seems to have been reached, not by the talismanic name of Brown, nor by the announcement of money subscribed, but by the broad hints which the Archbishop gave as to the sort of church which he hoped to see resulting from it. He says:—

You may have the whole of the church let for money; you may have part of the church let and part of it free, and, as one sees very often in extreme cases, all the comfortable parts of the church let to those who can pay [cheers and laughter], and those that cannot pay exercising self-denial on some seats that are very appropriate to that purpose [laughter]. Or you might have the church all free, and appropriated from time to time to the use of the parishioners; or, fourthly, you might have the church all free, where the churchwardens don't take the trouble of appropriating it, but leave every worshipper to take his place as he comes in [loud cheers]. It is a great question the Committee will have to settle—namely, how these churches are to be dealt with. I confess I have myself a very strong opinion upon the subject, which I will now state [hear, hear]. In the first place, it seems to me that in a town like Sheffield the doctrine of the equality of mankind is pretty fairly established out of doors, and I don't know why there, where men certainly are equal before our Almighty Father—I don't see myself why we should take any human and personal distinction into the church with us [cheers]. And, therefore, I give my voice certainly for having all the people who come to worship God put on an equal footing. . . . The one thing you have to avoid is establishing a distinction before God between the rich man and the poor [applause]. For that is a thing you will never persuade men to understand, whether they speak about it or not; that is the real grievance, the real wrong—it is a false note struck in the harmony of the Christian system.

These are manly and hearty words, and the claim which they state forms one of the foremost articles in the great charter of English Churchmen. No wonder that they went to the hearts of the audience, and that the Archbishop could say—as he is reported to have said in his next sentence—"I almost feel I carry the meeting with me upon that point." What they assert is the title of the English parishioner to the free and equal use of his parish church. A long array of legal and constitutional authorities might be cited in support of this view. Lord Stowell and Sir John Nichol, the Report of the Committee of the House of Lords in 1858, Oliphant's "Law of Pews," and Mr. Toulmin Smith on "the Parish," all assert as unequivocally as the Archbishop that the use of their parish church belongs in common to the whole body of the parishioners. That the right has been in some cases allowed to lapse into abeyance by neglect, in others been overridden by the influence of wealth, in others been nullified by haphazard legislation, cannot touch the indefeasible character of this public heritage. In this sense the maxim holds, with a tenacity which a century of confusion, succeeded by a century of supineness, and both succeeded by a half-century of patchwork and false remedies, have been unable to shake—*nullum tempus occurrit ecclesie*.

There is perhaps not a single town of twenty thousand people in England which is not rife with examples of the mischief ensuing from usurpations upon this right; but there is reason to think that the remarks of the Archbishop had, at the same time, a special pertinence and local propriety. We believe that the following figures will be found to be correct. In St. Mary's parish or district of Sheffield, with a population of over sixteen thousand, there is a church capable of containing about the tenth part of that number,

and of this accommodation for one-tenth scarce the fourth part—or accommodation for a fortieth of the parishioners—is left free. Free, indeed, it is, in a sense, but showing that scorn of those poor whom the Church calls peculiarly her own on which the Archbishop commented; the “free-seats” being sunk under the cold shade of impending galleries, or pitilessly paraded along the middle aisle between two scornful phalanxes of pews. Further, if we are rightly informed, two other churches in the same town, with a population between them of some nine thousand, have no free seats to offer, even with such freedom as this. We will not pursue the detail of many pews let to wealthy non-parishioners, while a dense population of the families who crowd and pack together in all great centres of commerce find the pews doors shut in their faces, and of course turn their backs upon the church. Nor have we presented these cases with the slightest invidious wish to “make an example” of the parish authorities in Sheffield, but only because they happen to be apposite to the occasion, and lay ready to the speaker’s hand had his object been to use them, and because they are only a sample of the neglectful selfishness which is sometimes found in combination with piety itself.

Meanwhile, the separation and estrangement which too frequently divides classes in this country is nowhere so obtrusively marked as there, where it ought to vanish. The *robust et æs triplex* which shuts the respectable man in and the poor brother out, is found in the pew-door with its hinges and bolt-handle. There the little child learns its first sacred lesson of exclusiveness, as, with tiny legs dangling towards the portly hassock below, it just catches a glimpse of the tip of the clergyman’s nose, and takes in with awe those mystic symbols—the top of the beadle’s mace, the lion and unicorn in the royal arms, and the golden pipes of the organ. No wonder that a rather lively one, taken thither for the first time, described her experiences as follows—“They shut me up in a cupboard, and put me on a shelf.”

The attempt to get rid of the incubus of appropriation has been maligned as the crotchet of a party—the party against which the average Englishman receives insinuations with least hesitation, as being supposed to smell of incense and holy water. High-Churchmen, if they be snakes, may henceforth take shelter under the archiepiscopal ægis of York. But it may not be amiss to refer to the words of a few men of a stamp as unmistakeably the opposite as is Dr. Thomson himself. The late Bishop Stanley of Norwich, in his charge of 1842, said:—

I am persuaded that one of the prominent causes of dissent, as well as utter disregard and indifference to religion, is attributable in a great degree to that exclusive system of pews which has for so many years prevailed.

The present Dean of Carlisle, in a speech delivered in that city in last March, said:—

The working-classes of Carlisle were for the most part a very independent race. Many of them could read in their Bibles that in the House of God they had no right to put a rich man in a certain place, and make them his footstool. It was to this system that they must attribute a large share of what they had to lament among the working-classes; and from his increasing acquaintance with those classes, he could give it as his deliberate conviction that, if they would open Free Churches in that city, and there preach the Gospel in all its simplicity and truth, the working men would show their good sense and understanding by going there to listen.

The following words are reported in the proceedings of the Church Congress at Oxford as having been uttered by the Rev. W. Cadman:—

Large classes of persons in towns . . . are not to be found in the house of prayer. We cannot say that existing Church arrangements are likely to attract them. The “man in goodly apparel” and “with a gold ring” will find a good place in which to sit, while the poor man coming in would be left to stand, or rudely dismissed, brooding over the sad thought that at the Church’s great feast place is reserved for him.

The unblemished character of such witnesses ought to rebuke the cry of “party,” which is a mere attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the judge and to redeem a hopeless cause. How, indeed, can the poor find lodgement, without courting the scorn from which poverty ever shrinks, where churchwardens, sleek and well-to-do, love a congregation like unto themselves, where guineas chink in the vestry on New Year’s Day; where the pastor of a select congregation of “dear hearers” finds his accounts in the proceeds, where the pew-openers “magnify their office,” and poverty, in more senses than one, goes “to the wall”? Substituting “sit” for “lie,” might we not accommodate to the living poor the epitaph meant for the dead?—

Here I sit beside the door,  
Here I sit because I’m poor.

With one more group of facts we will conclude. The religious census of 1851—which, however untrustworthy where denominational interests come in, may probably be so far relied on as against Church and sects alike—enumerated very nearly seven millions of population who impartially refrain from sharing the worship offered by any or all, and it set down over a million and a half of these as physically excluded by want of space; while modern church-building Acts require only from one-third to one-fifth of the places in those churches which are erected under their provisions to be kept free! What are such dribbles compared with such a great deep of gin and heathenism as the census opens to our view? It is the old story of Mother Partington and her mop against the rise and roll of the Atlantic. Let us hope that the seven new churches of Sheffield may become such models of propriety and attractiveness as may make all the people about them love freedom with one heart. Perhaps they may not only render pew

restrictions intolerable for the future, but may react upon the past, and lead churchwardens, wherever church room is defective—i. e. in about nineteen out of every twenty parishes—to declare a free church, as the only way in which they can fulfil their duty, and do their best with the resources at their command.

## REVIEWS.

POEMS BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.\*

THERE is something curious and almost touching in Sir E. B. Lytton’s lifelong efforts to transcend the limits which nature, in no illiberal mood, has prescribed to his genius. His novels have deserved and enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and his brilliant oratory has raised him to the rank of a leader of one of the two great parties and a Secretary of State:—

Beyond the tropics is his language spoke,  
And half St. Stephen’s hath received his yoke.

And yet he would apparently give half his legitimate fame for a recognised place amongst scholarlike historians, philosophic essayists, or, above all, among poets. As a dramatist, his gift of telling a story has enabled him to achieve considerable success. Although not a sentence of his plays will ever be quoted, the *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu* have the great merit of being adapted to the stage. A literary architect has no reason to be disappointed if he fails as a verbal sculptor. Sir E. B. Lytton has not the instinctive felicity of musical expression which is the characteristic faculty of a poet. In several volumes of elegant verses published at different times, there is not one of the perfect lines which indicate to a competent ear the distinctive element of poetry. Almost every clever boy who amuses himself for a time with metrical composition might attain, by practice in maturer years, the same moderate level of smoothness and propriety. The best verses which Sir E. B. Lytton ever wrote are contained in his translation of the congenial poems of Schiller, who was himself only a consciously laborious and thoughtful artist. It would have been a more difficult task to render adequately into another language one of those little songs of Heine which are worth a library of pompous “Odes to the Ideal.” A grower of South African port may be excused for asserting and believing that his produce is found by analysis to possess all the chemical qualities of the genuine European vintage. The experienced consumer scarcely needs a single sip to satisfy him of the irreconcilable difference. When Sir E. B. Lytton long since wrote an elaborate work on ancient Athens, it was easier to explain in detail the distinction between the classical accomplishments of a gentleman and the studies of a professional scholar. His more recent essays on various subjects, though they contain many sensible remarks, are wanting in point, in pith, and, above all, in profundity. Originality in thought and expression is probably a commoner gift than the art of constructing a well-balanced and interesting story. The novelist has also a larger audience than the critic of topics or of books, and even the secondary advantage of greater pecuniary profit might tend to reconcile him to a not unenviable lot. As Sir E. B. Lytton is not satisfied with excellence in one or two intellectual departments, he must bear the disappointment of comparative failure in his extraneous exertions. Lord Shaftesbury’s virtuous workmen who spend their leisure hours in carving toys for exhibitions are incapable of sustaining a competition with regular artists. The products of their leisure hours derive their only value from contrast or association with their serious daily labour. *Pelham* and *Maltravers* have earned for Sir E. B. Lytton’s poems a right to a passing notice.

The “*Boatman*,” which is the first and perhaps the best poem in the present collection, bears a certain resemblance to Mr. Tennyson’s little allegory of the “*Voyage*.” In both cases, life is represented by the perpetual motion of a vessel; in one instance, over boundless seas; in the “*Boatman*,” on the long course of a river. Sir E. B. Lytton has seldom approached so nearly to the flowing rhythm which is felt to be the natural expression of the poet’s meaning, but the most graceful fit which ever was produced by a tailor is remote from the organic adaptation of a bird’s plumage to the body of which it forms a part. The thought which is contained in the “*Voyage*” is not especially definite or precious, but even in a trifling lyric Mr. Tennyson thinks in verse. The pursuit of an ideal by imaginative minds and enthusiastic dispositions, and the supposed contempt of a prosaic critic for vague aspirations, form a subject which is neither better nor worse than the successive scenes of life as they appear in Sir E. B. Lytton’s “*Boatman*.” An allegorical poet is most successful when he diverts attention from his symbolic meaning. Mr. Tennyson’s lines are smooth and pleasant to read, and by no means obtrusively suggestive of any hidden wisdom which they may contain. The “*Boatman*” indicates too transparently the not very original truth that infancy passes into boyhood, manhood, and age, and that in the meantime life is occupied with changing interests. Experience also teaches that infirmity and death often come before they are expected. The passenger who went on board in the morning has passed a rose-garden where the appropriate love-episode occurred, and a busy town full of gamblers, and as it grows dark he approaches the sea:—

There seems then to float  
Down the length of the wave,

\* Poems by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.



From the sedges remote,  
From the rose-garden bay,  
From the town and the mart,  
From the river's deep heart,  
From the heart of the land,  
From the lips of the bride,  
Through the darkness again  
Stealing close to my side,  
With her hand in my hand,  
From the gamblers in vain  
Staking odds on the main  
Of the last all invisible die,  
An echo that wails back the wail of my sigh,  
As I murmur, "The Ocean already"—"ALREADY."  
One glimmer of light  
From the beacon's lone height,  
One look at the shore, and one stroke of the oar,  
And the river is lost in the Ocean already.

Another allegorical poem, in the form of a rough anapaestic dialogue between the Mind and the Body, is conducted with suitable skill to its ending in their happy separation. The metre, however, offers dangerous temptations to fall below the level of satire into the depths of rhymed burlesque:—

But of lasting renown one so soon becomes weary;  
The most lasting I know of is that of Dundreary.

A man of genius ought to know that, if it is still worth while to ridicule the love of fame, his satire ought to go deeper than a sneer at the temporary popularity of an insignificant farce. Juvenal made a false point in contrasting Hannibal's passage of the Alps with the dust to which the great captain was finally reduced, and with his notoriety as the hero of the school-room; but the fallacy is strongly expressed, and it has for centuries imposed on hasty and thoughtless readers. It is impossible to affect, even for a moment, to believe that Lord Dundreary has had more lasting fame than Alexander and Caesar because his oddities secured him a two years' run at the Haymarket. If there is anything absurd in renown, the anomaly cannot consist in the impossibility that it should in any case be attained. A satirist ought always to be plausible for the moment, even if it is not absolutely necessary that he should be just. When Pope affected to be content that future ages should remember of him only "that Atterbury was his friend and Bentley was his foe," it was unnecessary to consider too scrupulously the question whether Bentley was not greater than Atterbury, as he was undoubtedly a better scholar than Boyle. The antithesis is so framed as to convey to the world in general the conviction that the friend possessed over the foe some vast and undisputed superiority. It was not worth while to break Lord Dundreary on the wheel; and, if fame is an object of satire only because it is transient, it would seem to follow that lasting renown was in itself essentially respectable. The concluding lines of the poem are good of their kind, though they do not belong to a high order of poetry:—

Now the Mind, having done with our world's men and things,  
High o'er all that know death poised the joy of his wings;  
Every moment from light gaining strength more and more,  
Every moment more filled with the instinct to soar,  
Till he sees, through a new sense of glory, the goal,  
And is rapt to the gates which Mind enters as Soul.

Although Sir E. B. Lytton's poems fail to satisfy the critical judgment as completed works of art, they are pervaded by a thoughtful melancholy which will probably render them attractive to the sympathetic and the young. The imaginative element which they contain would suffice to render prose poetical, though it is scarcely adequate to the requirements of verse. A plaintive version of the old tale of love and loss, under the title of "A Life's Record," passes from the inexhaustible story of Amandus and Amanda to the scarcely less hackneyed moral of the exchange of human affection for some kind of elevated and indefinite aspiration. Poets and novelists have so often described the process that it must be supposed to correspond to their own experience or observation; and Sir E. B. Lytton, in the title of the section of his poem which is devoted to this branch of his subject, has given the sentiment an imposing name. "The Pantheism of Love passing into the Ideal" is a mysterious description of an abstruse operation. As the Pantheism of Love, whatever it may be, must already have passed into the Ideal, or at least out of the sphere of ordinary life, the words probably must be so divided as to imply the proposition that Love, passing into the Ideal, acquires the attributes of Pantheism. If the puzzled reader resorts for explanation to the poem itself, he will find that, after arriving at a particular stage of sorrow, the bereaved lover has two diverging lives, like two rivers issuing from neighbouring fountains:—

By the calmer stream for ever  
Dwell the ghosts that haunt the heart,  
And the phantoms and the river  
Make the Poet World of Art.

The other river represents politics, society, and business, while the ghosts and the Poet World of Art are probably equivalent to Pantheism. It would perhaps be hypercritical to suggest that Pantheism is incompatible with ghosts; but Love passing into the Ideal fails perhaps at first to apprehend the orthodox doctrines of an unfamiliar creed. One of the stanzas contains an argument which is as difficult to follow as other hypothetical assumptions of the same kind in didactic poetry:—

If the Beautiful be clearer  
As the seeker's days decline,  
Should the Ideal not be nearer  
As my soul approaches thine?

If plagues and earthquakes break not Heaven's design—if Light

and Darkness meet in yonder sky—if something may be predicated of one adjective with a capital letter—some antithetic consequence completes the couplet or the stanza, as, in the present instance, it apparently follows that something else may be said of another adjective with another capital letter. Neither the experience of advancing years nor the conversation of elderly persons confirms the statement that the Beautiful occupies an increasing share of attention as the seeker's days decline. The Comfortable and the Commonplace are far more characteristic of age than the Beautiful. The wise saws and modern instances of the old are generally remote from Pantheism and from the Ideal. The changes of the poetic mind may perhaps be different and more sublime, but poets cannot too habitually remember that their own craft and their own peculiarities are not adapted to artistic representation. Their eyes are at liberty to glance from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven, but not to look in the glass for the purpose of observing the effect of inspiration on the features. It is still more undesirable that they should depict a fabulous monster, and establish him as the conventional type of a poet.

It is, however, only a secondary objection to a poem that it embodies an unsound or doubtful proposition. Sir E. B. Lytton is for the most part eminently correct and orthodox in his versified philosophy; but there is a fundamental mistake in the attempt to derive poetic inspiration from doctrinal belief or conjecture. The vulgar popularity of that form of composition which is called religious poetry resembles the pleasure of a mob in the flattery of its prejudices by a fluent demagogue. Familiar notions reproduced in a plausible shape acquire an additional charm when they are taught to rhyme and rattle. It is not necessary for the immediate purpose that pious jingle should appeal either to the imagination or to the educated ear. An ordinary hymn falls as little within the province of criticism as a coloured print of the Prodigal Son. The interest which it may excite depends exclusively on its subject, and fortunately an unfastidious taste is not offended by its style. The greatest poets have not surmounted the inherent inconvenience of dealing with dogma. Milton only succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of mankind on the side of Satan, and the theological puzzles in Dante's *Paradise* have the effect of the proverbial fly in amber. Yet the traditional associations of religion are sometimes strong enough to secure forgiveness for poetical failure. The thin generalizations of Schiller and his accomplished translator are as prosaic as sectarian articles of faith, and they have no ready-made adherents. A writer who has anything to say about art, necessity, free-will, and religious consolation may as well express himself in the simplest language, without indulging in similes, allegories, and other poetical excrescences. It is a waste of ingenuity to set two Sicilian shepherds to argue in elaborate verses about the principles of poetry. The reporter of their dialogue, after describing the scene and the personages at considerable length, "stands entranced" to hear the alternate strains of Philaster, who is a meditative and earnest shepherd, and of the more impulsive Caricles, who, if his sponsors had been genuine Greeks, would have been called Charicles. The reader, after several pages, wakes from his trance to study a note in which Sir E. B. Lytton elucidates the meaning of the poem:—

The reader will perceive that this poem is intended to illustrate a dispute which can never perhaps be critically solved—namely, whether the true business of the poet be to delight or to instruct; and he will therefore be disposed to forgive me if he recognise certain thoughts or expressions freely borrowed from the various poets who may be said to represent either side of the question. Among the modern, Schiller especially has suggested ideas and illustrations on behalf of the more earnest creed professed by Philaster; while Goethe has been pressed to the aid of Caricles (Charicles).

The controversy might be more advantageously conducted in prose, and, if it cannot be solved, it may be satisfactorily disposed of. The business of the poet is certainly not to instruct, nor even in the first instance to delight, but to represent or create by imitation. The business of a portrait-painter is to paint portraits, with the ulterior and incidental object of giving pleasure to judges of his art, and perhaps instruction to physiognomists. The business of Homer was to commemorate the wrath of Achilles, with its consequences. The business of Shakspeare was to give more than historical reality to Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello. Goethe attended to his proper business in the first part of *Faust*, and in his perfect lyrics, more steadily than when, in partnership with Schiller, he composed squibs and aphorisms about the literary gossip of the day. Schiller seldom confined himself exclusively to his business as a poet, for his tragedies, and even his ballads, are frequently overloaded with superfluous theories; and his rhymed disquisitions about the Real and the Ideal afford extremely little instruction, and no delight. Sir E. B. Lytton has, in a score of romances, delighted one or two generations, and his grateful admirers will not repine if he also insists on instructing them by his poems; but serious criticism is more respectful to genius than affected toleration.

#### CERVANTES' VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS.\*

MODERN science prides itself on having succeeded in mitigating the virulence of various forms of disease. The great epidemics which used to devastate the world no longer display

\* *Le Voyage au Parnasse de Michel de Cervantes, traduit en français pour la première fois. Avec une notice biographique, une table des auteurs cités dans le poème, et le facsimile d'un autographe inédit de Cervantes. Par J. M. Guardia, Bibliothécaire adjoint à l'Académie Impériale de Médecine. Paris: 1864.*

the sweeping power they once abused, and only individuals now fall where whole generations were wont to perish. The rage for making verses may be reckoned among the number of these waning maladies. Not that the mania is entirely extinct, but it is confined within a comparatively small circle, and no longer attacks society with indiscriminating violence. A list of the living poets of Europe whose names are at all notorious would not assume any very extravagant dimensions. A couple of centuries ago it would have been interminable. The number of versifiers of whom, during the life of Cervantes, Spain alone could boast, was something prodigious, and it seemed as if before long every one of his countrymen would claim the title of poet. In a list of the Spanish songsters of his own time drawn up by Sedano, six hundred names are mentioned, forming, he says, about a third of the whole national choir; and Suarez de Figueroa declares that, at a poetic contest held in honour of St. Anthony of Padua, no less than five thousand pieces of verse were sent in to compete for the prize. There may be a good deal of metrical trash passing through the press at the present moment, but surely, in this respect, we have fallen on better days than were known to the author of *Don Quixote*.

Cervantes appears to have suffered greatly from the bad poetry which was perpetually being dinned into his ears. It would have been more in accordance with his interests to have passed it unheeded by, or, if compelled to notice its authors, to have flattered them to their hearts' content, as Lope de Vega afterwards did in his *Laurel de Apolo*. But his indignation was stronger than his prudence, and the verses to which it gave rise must have added to the number of those who did not love him. It is true that he praised the greater part of the hundred and fifty poets whom he introduced into the *Viage al Parnaso*, but his eulogiums were seldom free from the suspicion of being spoken in irony, and he subsequently complained that he had offended the writers of whom he had taken notice as much as those whom he had passed over in silence. We need not wonder that an author who was so ready to detect and to expose the weaknesses of his rivals, and who was incapable of adulation and falsehood, should have lived and died in poverty. His might have been a different career if he had possessed a little of the suppleness which marked the more accommodating character of Lope de Vega; but if that had been the case the world might have lost a book which has been welcomed and adopted by every civilized nation—one which the author has justly designated, in the *Voyage to Parnassus*, as a perpetual pastime—

En cualquiera sazon, en todo tiempo.

Cervantes was himself greatly addicted to verse-making, but he did not meet with sufficient encouragement to induce him to venture on a poetic flight of any great length. He often refers with singular modesty to his want of success as a poet. "This Cervantes," says the Curate in the first part of *Don Quixote*, "has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is more skilled in sorrows than in verse"; and in the *Voyage to Parnassus* the author introduces himself as one who is weary of watching and working in order to appear to have obtained the gift of poetry which the Gods have denied him:—

Por parecer que tengo de Poeta  
La gracia que no quiso darme el cielo.

In one instance, however, he confesses that he was surprised and mortified to find how little his efforts were appreciated. He had offered a collection of comedies to a bookseller, who replied that he would have purchased them from him, if it had not been for a remark lately made by a well-known author, to the effect that much might be expected from the prose of Cervantes, but nothing from his verse.

The *Viage al Parnaso*, which M. Guardia has now translated into French for the first time, is a satirical poem in *terza rima*, written in an easy and unpretentious style, rich in the humour which has commended *Don Quixote* to successive generations, and marked throughout, even in the most sarcastic passages, by the good humour which makes itself so manifest in the history of the Knight of La Mancha. As a poem, its merits are not of a very high order, but it is exceedingly valuable on account of the allusions it contains to the author's life and literary career, and his criticisms on the merits of his rivals. Its plan is borrowed from a work called *Il Viaggio di Parnasso*, written by Cesare Caporali, an Italian poet of the school of Berni, but it is worked out in a thoroughly original manner. Weary of his fruitless labours, Cervantes describes himself as setting out on foot to make his way to Parnassus. His baggage is light, consisting of a single wallet containing a loaf and cheese; and thus, free from impediments, he starts upon his journey. Arriving at Cartagena, he gazes upon the waters which recall to his mind the active life of his early years, the glorious day of Lepanto, the victory which he helped to gain, and the honourable wounds which he then received. The reverie into which he has fallen is suddenly broken by the arrival of a magnificent ship. It anchors near the shore, a boat puts off, and a gallant cavalier lands, whom the poet at once recognises as Mercury. The god accosts Cervantes in courteous terms, and, after complimenting him on his works, which, he says, penetrate into the utmost corners of the earth on the back of Rozinante, proceeds to explain that he has been sent by Apollo in search of allies who will help him to defend Parnassus against the attacks of the bad poets, who, more than twenty thousand strong, are just now driving him to despair. Cervantes immediately enlists in the service, and goes on

board the ship, which is entirely composed of verses; the seats for the rowers are made of solid romances, its spars of long and tear-compelling elegies, and its mainmast of a tough and prolix song. Mercury now submits to our author a long list of Spanish poets, and asks for an opinion on their value as allies. Before it is completely gone through, a storm arises which turns day into night, and in the midst of the war of elements a deluge of poets bursts over the ship, which is in danger of being swamped, but is saved by the sirens, who come to the rescue in thousands, and drive away the tempest. No sooner, however, is that danger avoided than a fresh cloud begins to rain down poets—Lope de Vega among the number—until the vessel shows signs of sinking. Then Mercury, rushing hastily into the middle of the crowd, seizes a sieve, and, sifting out the bad poets, flings them pitilessly into the sea. There they are left to shift for themselves, and away goes the galley, the breezes swelling its sails, which are woven of delicate thoughts, and the waters foaming beneath its oars, which are framed of melodious verses. Here and there fresh poets come on board, and all goes well until the region guarded by Scylla and Charybdis is reached. There a terrible barking of dogs is heard, and Mercury declares that the worst poet on board must be thrown into the sea as a propitiatory offering. An unfortunate, named Lofraso, is unanimously elected scapegoat, but at the last moment Mercury relents, and, instead of drowning him, appoints him his convict-warder. This danger past, no other arises; and at length the shores of Greece are reached, and Apollo descends to welcome his allies, especially those who can boast of a good social position. They are then led to the Castalian spring, and afterwards escorted into a magnificent garden, where they find comfortable seats in the shade of the laurel trees. For Cervantes alone no place can be found, and, mortified and humiliated, he complains to Apollo of the unworthy treatment with which he has met.

His appeal forms the most interesting part of the poem. He recounts his claims to be respected and honoured, and describes the life he has led, and the books he has written. He indulges in a favourable criticism on his pastoral, his plays, his tales, and his *Don Quixote*; and he concludes by saying that his humble pen has never strayed into the region of personal satire, nor sought an ignoble recompense for shameful words. He has kept, and will ever keep, his soul free from adulation, and his feet have never followed the steps of the wicked and deceitful. In spite of all these merits, however, it seems that he is not worthy of a place among contemporary writers. To this complaint Apollo returns a soothing reply, and recommends his suppliant to fold up his mantle and sit upon it. The poet represents that he has not got a mantle, and the deity makes a fine speech about Virtue being the best of garments. At that moment there arrives a troop of nymphs, forming the escort of Poesy, whose brilliant appearance astonishes Cervantes, who had always associated her idea with that of poverty. While he is discoursing on the difference between true and false poetry, a ship approaches the shore, heavily laden with bad poets, one of whom begins to abuse Cervantes in the most violent terms. Apollo, highly incensed, invokes the aid of Neptune, who overwhelms the ship, and then amuses himself among the unfortunate poets, as they try to swim to shore, spitting them by twos and threes on the prongs of his trident. Fortunately for them, Venus comes to their rescue, and, finding she cannot mollify the wrath of Neptune, who declares they have for years been maltreating the sea, she metamorphoses them into gourds and leather bottles, which are wafted away southwards by the wind, and soon are lost to sight. Neptune then dives to his submarine palace, Venus ascends heavenwards, and Apollo drops down upon the antipodes. Morpheus arrives, and the poets all go to sleep.

The next morning Apollo reappears, and exhorts his allies to do their duty. On the summit of Parnassus they await the approach of the enemy, whose troops are being marshalled below by a villainous poet named Arbolanchas. About twenty of Apollo's men, Lofraso among the number, go over to his foes, who advance to the fight, flinging their worst books and most scurrilous verses at the heads of the true poets. Fourteen excellent verse writers are upset by a single volume; here a warrior is grievously wounded by a sonnet, there a hero is utterly demolished by an epigram. Apollo's forces retaliate in a similar manner, and at length drive the enemy in utter rout from the field. Mercury plays a cheerful measure on his guitar, and Apollo dances gaily to its sound, after which he takes their chaplets from the Muses, and distributes them among the best of his defenders. The others fly into a passion, but are pacified on receiving a present of Flora's roses and Aurora's pearls. Morpheus then appears for the second time, accompanied by Silence and Sloth, and the poets fall fast asleep. When Cervantes wakes, he finds himself at Naples, whence he returns as soon as possible to Madrid. So ends the poem. In an Appendix, written in prose, he gives an account of a conversation which he soon afterwards held with a young poet named Pancracio de Roncesvalles, who, it appears, had visited Parnassus a few days after the fight had taken place. There he had found Apollo and the Muses hard at work, sowing the seeds of the late conflict with salt—a step rendered necessary by the fact that the blood of the slain poets bred poetasters by myriads. Pancracio produces a letter from Apollo to Cervantes, who at first refuses it, on the ground that the postage is unpaid, and that he had once paid a real for a letter which contained nothing but a bad sonnet in abuse of *Don Quixote*; but at length he opens it, and finds that it contains a list of privileges granted by Apollo to the poets of Spain. The most interesting part of this *Adjunta* is the account



which Cervantes gives of the various plays he had written, and of the success with which they had met.

M. Guardia's translation of the work is extremely good, and he has enriched it with an admirable memoir of Cervantes, an excellent critical and historical introduction, and a most valuable Appendix containing an account of all the authors mentioned in the voyage. His task has evidently been a labour of love, and he has accomplished it in a most complete and exhaustive manner. One of his many merits is that he possesses an ample fund of good sense, and, although he is a devoted admirer of Cervantes, he indulges in no rhapsodies about him, and never throws over his judgment in order to secure a higher flight of fancy. We strongly recommend his work to all who are interested in that noble writer whom he styles "un homme de Plutarque, c'est à dire, complet et véritablement grand"—one who was, to use the words which Cervantes himself has applied to Caporali—

De ingenio Griego, y de valor Romano.

#### A PHILOSOPHER SKETCHED BY HIMSELF \*

THE philosopher who, under that title, has given the world some extremely entertaining passages of his life, is at the same time one of the most unique of his species, and yet a thoroughly representative man. The special interest of his autobiographical sketch consists not so much in what he has seen and heard and done, though that is far from inconsiderable, as in the light which is thrown upon the characteristics of a class which is seldom represented by so typical a specimen as Mr. Babbage delights to prove himself. Every one is more or less familiar with the genuine hard-headed mathematical man as he flourished in the glory of early donhood at the Universities, and especially at Cambridge. We do not mean to imply that every one who devotes himself to this branch of study conforms to one type of character, but those who do so are numerous enough to form a well-defined class in student-life. The leading peculiarity of the typical hard-headed man is the possession of what is commonly understood by clear-headedness, to the exclusion of almost every other mental endowment. He has the sublimest contempt for everything which he cannot prove; and, to do him justice, he can generally prove or disprove anything which in its nature is capable of logical treatment. He laughs at the weakness which prevails in the world on the subject of good taste, and cannot for the life of him understand why circumstances should modify the utterance of demonstrable truth. If he thinks himself infinitely wiser than the rest of his species, he sees no reason why he should deprive mankind of the satisfaction of learning this interesting truth. If an atrocious pun or a far-fetched joke occurs to him, he thinks it impossible that what he was amused by inventing, other people should be bored by hearing. He speaks of himself with as little reticence, and often, it is true, with as much exactness, as if he were criticizing a stranger; and the idea that modesty should restrain him from blowing his own trumpet, or that wisdom should counsel silence as to his own blunders (if he ever makes any, which is always to his mind a doubtful question), is utterly foreign to his nature. The same freedom which he applies to himself governs his language as to others; and an opponent—or that still more wooden-headed creature, a man who fails to appreciate his value—is belaboured, as a matter of course, with all the vigour which strong intellect, combined with strong self-esteem, alone can manifest. Most persons will be able to count up a goodly number of college companions who have more or less closely approximated to this type; and among them they will probably reckon some of the most energetic and powerful minds that have ever delighted them with the exhibition of strength, or startled them with the display of eccentricity.

We have often wondered what becomes of a class which is seldom seen in perfection beyond the limits of a University. Some, perhaps, sink into the torpor of mature College life, or are buried in the retirement of country livings. Others, it may be, plunge into the world, lose all their amusing characteristics, and become as other men. Mr. Babbage alone, if we may judge from his description of himself, has preserved through a life of intense application and wide experience the remarkable peculiarities which in feebler examples of the class are generally evanescent. There is scarcely a line in his volume—from the significant title to the conclusion, in which the author condescends to explain "the peculiarities of mind that enabled him to accomplish what the most instructed thought impossible"—which is not instinct with life. Boswell's picture of Dr. Johnson (if he ever compared with Mr. Babbage's sketch of himself; and though the unconscious portraiture of a vigorous and eccentric mind is that which makes our philosopher's life so eminently readable, it must be added that he is seldom far wrong in his narrative and scientific chapters, and that what he says of himself would in many instances not have been excessive praise even if it had come from another pen.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic chapters is that which treats of religion, though it brings out the deficiencies rather than the powers of this peculiar class of mind. The purely logical intellect is too confident to be reverential, and the religious musings of our philosopher are put into a shape that would frighten some

good orthodox people out of their senses. It is sometimes very difficult to guess whether a sentence is meant for delicate irony or unhesitating assertion. What, for example, are we to think of the opinion which Mr. Babbage's experience of the motives and actions of mankind suggests to him as to the authorship of the Athanasian Creed—that it was written by a clever but most unscrupulous person, who did not believe one syllable of the doctrine, and purposely reiterated propositions contradictory in terms, in order that, in more enlightened times, he should not be supposed to have believed in the religion which he had from worldly motives adopted! One-sided, however, as Mr. Babbage's vision seems to be on subjects that require something different from clearness of perception, his notes on religion contain some admirable criticism on the confusion which prevails in the use of theological terms. Even more characteristic is the illustration of the theory of Miracles which Mr. Babbage draws from singular points in curves, and from the seemingly erratic, but really regular, action which may be given to his Calculating Machine. The instrument may be made to calculate a series according to a given law for a thousand terms, then to break off wildly into one or any other number of terms, obeying a different law; and, after this excursion, to resume its old course, and go on with the series which it began to calculate. In fact, Mr. Babbage can construct a miracle-working machine, if apparent defiance of law is taken as the test of a miracle. This is, of course, only a special way of putting the well-known theory which Mr. Babbage claims to have originated, and did at any rate long ago advocate, that miracles may be regarded, not as departures from law, but as forming, together with the ordinary course of nature, a series of events governed by a higher and more comprehensive law than human beings have been able to grasp. The reception of this really striking illustration by an Irish clerical friend is recorded with the same absence of *mauvaise honte* which gives so great a charm to the whole volume. "How wonderful it is!" exclaims the friend. "Here am I, bound by the duties of my profession to inquire into the attributes of the Creator. . . . and yet within this last short half-hour you have opened to me views of the Creator surpassing all of which I have hitherto had any conception."

That the importance of Mr. Babbage's Calculating Machine, independently of its bearing on miracles, was not duly appreciated by the politicians who alternately encouraged and checked its progress, and ultimately abandoned it when half the work was done, is pretty generally acknowledged; but no one who knows anything of political life can be much surprised that no steady patronage for scientific labour should be obtained from a succession of Whig and Tory Governments. Mr. Disraeli certainly did not understand anything about the Calculating Machine, and wrote some nonsense about it; but when he finally resolved to put an end to all Government assistance (a huge blunder, as subsequent experience has shown), he could scarcely have foreseen the wonderful attack which he would live to read. "The machine," says the inventor, in a savage burst of pleasantry, "upon which everybody could calculate, had little chance of fair play from the man on whom nobody could calculate." . . . "Yet, should any unexpected course of events ever raise the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer to his former dignity, I am sure he will be its friend as soon as he is convinced that it can be made useful to him. It may possibly enable him to un-muddle even his own financial accounts, and to — But, as I have no wish to crucify him, I will leave his name in obscurity. The Herostratus of science, if he escape oblivion, will be linked with the destroyer of the Ephesian Temple." But Mr. Babbage, when he is at once angry and jocular, scarcely does himself justice; and he had good right to be angry at the stolid indifference of our Government to a work of the highest theoretical and mechanical interest, and at the same time of the greatest practical promise. Labours of this kind were too formidable to be effectually carried on except under Government patronage, and the Swedish authorities, in enabling a Scandinavian Babbage to bring a subsequent engine to completion, have the credit of doing for science what an English Minister considered his country too poor to attempt. The value of such instruments is, however, acknowledged by the regular use in the Registrar-General's department of an engine constructed for the British Government in imitation of the Swedish machine.

While on the subject of Mr. Babbage's grievances (and he has plenty of them, which he details with a grim merriment that is very comical), it is impossible not to say something of the organ-men over whom he now enjoys a righteous triumph. Indeed, the subject is curiously connected with the greater grievance—the slight offered to the Calculating Machine. When the inventor of the machine endeavoured to explain its action to the sight-seers of the Exhibition of 1862, it became the fashion to interrupt him with allusions to his taste for organs, a piece of bad manners which supplies our author with the following sensation heading:—"The Inventor of the Difference Engine publicly insulted by his Countrymen in the Exhibition of 1862." The fact that Mr. Babbage devoted much time, money, and energy to a crusade against the universal enemy, the Italian organ-man, was very generally known, but it was not until the publication of his chapter on Street Nuisances, which first appeared in a separate form, that his assumption of the leadership in such a movement became intelligible. Probably few men in England have a greater power of concentration than Mr. Babbage. This was precisely the faculty that his special labours must have required and developed, and we have no doubt that, if he had chosen, he might

\* *Passages from the Life of a Philosopher.* By Charles Babbage. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

at any time have made himself quite unconscious of the vicinity of the street musicians. What did disturb him was, not the noise, but the irritating thought that an Italian vagrant should presume to interrupt the greatest of philosophers. Mr. Babbage has, of course, an ingenious mental theory on the subject. He holds that, when the mind is on full stretch, the effort of concentration makes it more susceptible of external interruption. We believe the reverse is really the case, and Mr. Babbage at any rate claims to have fought his battle with the Italians less on the score of personal suffering than in the true spirit of a knight-errant slaying dragons for the good of a thankless country.

If nothing but inharmonious organs for himself, and dark holes in the Exhibition for his calculating engine, have rewarded Mr. Babbage's toils in his own country, his reception by foreigners has been all that the most ambitious could desire—a contrast which is displayed pointedly enough throughout the autobiography. The minutest details are given of the royal condescension of Charles Albert, and the deep interest of the natives of China in his great invention. On one occasion shortly after the arrival of Count Strzelecki in England, "much interest," says Mr. Babbage, "was expressed by several of the party to learn on what subject the Chinese were most anxious to have information. Count Strzelecki told them that the subject of most frequent inquiry was Babbage's Calculating Machine," and the inventor evidently accepted the statement as serious. "On being further asked as to the nature of the inquiries, he said they were most anxious to know whether it could go into the pocket. . . . I told the Count that he might safely assure his friends in the Celestial Empire that it was in every sense of the word an out of pocket machine."

Passages might be selected by scores, all having the same complexion; but though the book is half composed of illustrations of foreign appreciation and home neglect of the inventor, seasoned with an abundance of queer puns and witticisms, it would be a great injustice to regard it as nothing more than a product of egotism. Little as Governments may have appreciated our philosopher's favourite pursuit (and perhaps the tone of this volume may help to explain the misfortune), his value as a contributor to many departments of science has been recognised as fully, though not quite so formally, in his own country as elsewhere. We may not have quite reached the scientific elevation of the Chinaman, to whom the Calculating Machine was the prominent and especial feature of England; but the efforts which failed to win efficient patronage have not the less made a reputation for the inventor of the Difference Engine, which, on mature reflection, will probably be more grateful to him than even the abolition of organs, the civility of foreign kings, or the homage of Mongols. The essential vigour and originality of much that this volume contains would recommend it for study as a mine of suggestion, even if it were not one of the strangest and most amusing books that any man ever wrote about himself. Good sense and bad jokes, whimsical complacency and kindly feeling, and a sense of other contrasts and contradictions, are mingled in a fashion of which no mere description can convey the least impression. Those who wish to make the acquaintance of *The Philosopher* must turn to his own pages, where they will find perhaps the most curious piece of self-portraiture that any author ever gave to the world.

#### ADVENTURES OF A DERVISH.\*

IT is a hard thing for a plain Englishman of England to conceive an ethnological application of the virtue of filial piety, and to bring home to his own feelings the full force of the precept, "*antiquum exquirite matrem*." We say an Englishman of England, because clear proof that the best kind of Englishman in America does strongly entertain such a feeling is afforded us by one of the best books of the past season, the family history of the Winthrops. But we can hardly expect an ordinary vestrified general-reading Englishman to understand, much less to sympathize with, the intensity of passion and archeological enthusiasm with which the great and highly-gifted Magyar people fling themselves into a seemingly bottomless pit of speculation touching their remote and mysterious origin. When, however, a Magyar professor, under the influence of such a passion, leaves his books, and the closet in which he has been speculating, and his home comforts and European civilization, for years and years of wandering in the howling wilderness with his life in his hand, we are assured that he may well disregard the bewilderment or even aversion he may raise in many, for the sake of the admiration his adventurous spirit will not fail to call forth in the few. There is a curious little galaxy of Hungarians stung by this *æstus*, and wandering over Scythia like their predecessor, Io. Csoma Körösy makes his way to the parts beyond the Himalaya, and starves himself in a Buddhist monastery, leading a life and enduring a climate that would appal the hardiest ascetic of Mount St. Bernard. Failing to realize the queer myth of a primeval Magyar people living in Asia at the back of everything, he discovers and reveals to Europe the Tibetan language and the vast literature of Tibetan Buddhism. Reguly returns to Pesh, a broken man, to die of the hardships endured by him when dwelling for years among Ugrian tribes in the Northern Ural range, forlorn hunters and fishers without fixed homes; and Dr. Vámbéry

spends the five best years of his life in the mere work of qualification for a journey beset by dangers at every step, impossible to undertake without an outward renunciation of his own religion, and, for aught we know to the contrary, devoid of any tangible result. The philological results, indeed, may be valuable, but they will be appreciated nowhere except on the Continent; or, if here, by Mr. Redhouse alone. The whole proceeding must seem generally as mad as if a Welshman (who, in archaeology, is madder than any other man) were to go, disguised as a Blackfoot Indian, burrowing in the Rocky Mountains in search of Prince Madoc and his men; or as if an Irishman were to live in the Great Pyramid in hope of finding the tombs of Scots, Pharaoh's daughter, and the giant Partholanus. Such journeys would, perhaps, seem practical enough in Wales and Ireland; and we are therefore content to estimate Dr. Vámbéry's object according to the judgment of his fellow-countrymen, and, for our part, honestly to admire his spirit of adventure, his intrepidity, and his perseverance.

To be sure, Dr. Vámbéry repudiates any feeling of the kind in a sober little footnote at first starting, and tells us that he wanted to study practically on the spot the etymology of tongues cognate with his own. To this we reply in the memorable word used by Mr. Burchell after each speech of the two fine ladies. Such a study would be like studying the spelling of w, i, n, d, e, r, a case, ment, by going and cleaning it. Dr. Vámbéry wandered because he has the genuine wild spirit of dervishism strong within him. He is an arrant and, we trust, an incorrigible Bohemian. Like all true dervishes, vagabonds, and story-tellers, he has the art of attracting and fascinating his listeners; and our enjoyment of his free, rambling, picturesque narrative is not in the least enhanced by his going through the form of telling us he went to look after the participle in *-jak* in its original seats. His story is exceedingly entertaining, with the single exception of the somewhat tedious delay with which he keeps us lingering among the Turkomans before crossing the desert. But we are not without misgivings as to its appreciation by a public which has long ceased to have the same living interest in Central Asia that it had some twenty years ago, and which is now without any groundwork of knowledge on the subject; being told to care, and perhaps really caring, more for a Mpongwé or a Wahuma, or the like food for missionaries and cotton-planters, than for impracticable old-world Bactrians and Sogdians.

We do not propose to give any outline of the actual course pursued by Dr. Vámbéry, even in the briefest of summaries, nor shall we quote any extracts from his work, however much inclined to do so. We assume that the book is in everybody's hands, and we see no occasion, therefore, to do for the reader what he is doing for himself. We propose rather to indicate, to the best of our ability, the exact amount of danger run, and to point out the value and the bearing of the resources in which his safety lay. As regards the danger, it is not too much to say that Turkistan is absolutely white with the bones of European travellers who have perished by violent or insidious death, or from hardship and ill-treatment. Moorcroft, Trebeck, and Guthrie, Stoddart, Conolly, and Wyburd, Naselli and Adolph Schlagintweit, are names which must at once occur to everybody, and there is reason to believe that these form but a portion of those who have met with a dreadful and untimely end. Turkistan—where independent of Russian, or Chinese, or, we may now add, of Afghan sway—has crystallized into three principalities, almost exactly coinciding with the ancient satrapies of the country under the rule of King Darius, as recorded in Herodotus and the inscriptions. Each of these has, more or less, characteristics of government and society peculiar to itself, but all agree in combining the worst features of European despotism, such as spy systems, passport systems, monstrous custom-house systems, and utter absence of Asiatic freedom of speech, with the worst features of Oriental despotism, stagnant, putrescent, yet bigoted and fanatical in a way unknown to Western Islam. Each government feels itself straitened and hemmed in by the advance of European ideas and European power on all sides, and each is determined to avert the evil day of conquest as long as possible by shutting out or destroying the Frank, whose only motive for seeking knowledge seems the desire of conquest. This region, so constituted, is girdled as with a belt of fire on its only accessible side by a broad band of desert, roamed over by fierce and untameable tribes whom it is impossible either to conquer or control, and who live by the organized kidnapping and selling of human beings.

No country in the world unites the conditions of danger to a European traveller in this way. The only circumstances under which it can be visited in safety is when the traveller is protected by the weight and authority of diplomatic or military employment, or by an efficient disguise. The Russian power is so near and so terrible, that a Russian mission can always make its way to the Uzbek Principalities when sent for commercial or other purposes. Western Afghanistan, hardly less dangerous to the unprotected traveller, has in this way been traversed of late years by at least three English diplomatists. The dread of Russia and the hope of aid from England assured the safety of Shakspeare, Abbott, and the elder Thomson at Khiva. Yet nothing was more precarious than the position of the latter gentleman at Merv, when the news of our reverses at Cabul was first received there. But, without diplomatic authority or religious disguise, no European up to the present time can live or retain his religion in Turkistan. If rescued from that country at all, he owes his rescue, like the Italian silk merchants, to the overwhelming machinery of support from the Czar

\* *The Adventures of a Dervish on a Journey to Herat, Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand.* By Arminius Vámbéry, of the Hungarian Academy, Pesh. London: Murray. 1865.



and the Sultan, set in motion by Western diplomacy. Dr. Wolf is the only exception; but he was supported on all sides; he had the eyes of all the world on him, and he had no occasion for a dervish's disguise, for in truth he was himself the very cream of all dervishes. Captain Burton, a dervish of another kind, might hope to do it, nor can we assign any limitation to his resources and power of falling on his legs; but he is so absolutely a master of vernacular Persian, that we much fear he would be sold at once as a runaway Shiah slave. Burnes, our chief authority on Bokhara, was no exception. He was partly in disguise, partly, perhaps, a diplomatist; and was powerfully protected by a liberal Vizier.

It was his command of the Osmanli dialect of Turkish, and his experience in Turkish matters, that, more than anything else, qualified Dr. Vámbéry for his journey, and carried him safely through its perils. In Turkistan the Sultan of Constantinople is not only revered as Caliph, and as possessor of the holy places of Islam, but he is honoured as a successful younger brother of the great Turkish race, so to speak, who has gone forth into the Western world conquering and to conquer. From various causes, this Pan-turkism, or Turkish counterpart of Pan-slavism, is barren of political result; and, as the Osmanli are the most apathetic and home-staying people in the world, it is seldom that its real efficacy is ever tested by the visit of a Western Turk to the home of his ancestors. But the official investiture of the Sultan is always conveyed by a firman or superior's order to an Uzbek prince on his accession to the throne, and more or less permanent Uzbek missions are always kept at Constantinople. Dr. Vámbéry, openly protected and recommended by the Turkish Minister at Tehran, and furnished, as a matter of course, with the passport of an Ottoman subject, was able to make good that character with perfect ease and command of the situation whenever it was called in question, by his fluent tongue and a great parade of the technical acquirements of a Mahometan theological student. The attraction of his book lies in the account of the different scrapes into which he got by his suspicious appearance, and of the adroit way he gets out of them by means of his Turkish. It is clear that his worst enemy was his own face. He gives us no portrait of himself, but he is manifestly afflicted with a white, regular, and Aryan appearance, such as rouses suspicions at the first glance in a Turanian breast. At starting, he had the luck to make friends of an influential Turkoman, by helping him to read a book in the Ottoman dialect; and what with this, and the stanchness and fidelity of his own companions, the dervishes from Chinese Tartary, he is able to hold his own against the delation and persecution of a boozy opium-eating Afghan, who had been expelled by the English from Candahar, and who was, therefore, up to Frank trap and thirsting for Frank blood. At Khiva, a ruder but much less bigoted place than Bokhara, he was in clover, owing to the patronage of a worthy and liberal-minded man, one Shukrullah Báy, who had lived a long time at Constantinople as an ambassador, and whose heart warmed at the opportunity of talking over the Western Question and other Ottoman matters, with a supposed Turk, in his own language. This man let drop words at parting which showed that he had his suspicions but kept them to himself, as he respected Franks, and had derived pleasure from their society. At Bokhara it is probable that Dr. Vámbéry would have suffered the fate of his adopted countryman, a Turkish officer, murdered there a few years before, had he not been protected by the devil of religious fanaticism against the devil of police espionage. He was at once adopted into the holiest confraternity of dervishes, with which the police did not dare to meddle, and he cleared his character triumphantly whenever confronted with Bokharians who had visited the West. Between Samarcand and Herat he was in constant danger of being detained as a runaway slave. At the fierce little Uzbek frontier State of Maymana he had the narrowest possible escape from meeting his old teacher of Jaghatai, or Turkish of Central Asia, who had known him for a European at Constantinople, and would have denounced him, not for malice, but to see what might be got out of it. And when in Herat, and the Uzbek districts, lately conquered by the Afghans, he was in constant difficulties with the officers of that people, whose red English uniforms and English words of command had almost induced him to reveal himself as a European.

To all intents and purposes, therefore, Dr. Vámbéry's travels must be considered as those of a genuine Osmanli, but the advantages of his position as such were necessarily overbalanced by great disadvantages. Whether competent to the task or not, he was utterly unable to undertake any branch of scientific inquiry; but, on the other hand, he enjoyed a complete insight into the ways and manners and inner life of his wild companions. Yet the new and previously untravelled portion of his journey—that through the "lone Chorasman waste" between the Hyrcanian rivers and Khiva, and in the Khalata Cheulu, or desert between Khiva and Bokhara—can have, after all, only the barest geographical interest; and we readily sacrifice any details of knowledge on that subject for a real first-hand description of life among the Turkomans. Besides this, his very interesting appendix on the great Turkish towns of Chinese Tartary—where that race, elsewhere dominant or independent, is content to live as Chinese Rayahs—must be practically considered as first-hand, owing to our author's having passed months and months of travel and intimacy with dervishes from that Empire. There is much new matter in this, not to be found in the valuable little compilations in Burnes's and Moorcroft's chapters, nor in Meer Izzet Ullah's journals, printed in Vol. VII. of the Asiatic Society's Transactions. The only jar to the reader's feelings occurs when he is made to

think of the unavoidable deceit—perhaps an overstrong and invidious term, but we can find no other—practised on the honest and faithful companions of the author. Bazar reports, it is well said by Burton, fly faster and hit harder than gun-shots, and we fear it is impossible that these worthy men can have remained in ignorance of Reshid Effendi's true nationality until now. But if Turkistan must be visited, and can only be visited in disguise, somebody must be the dupe of the disguise. We may only hope that the excellent Bilal and Salih will have been spared the shock.

From internal evidence, the book seems to have been written in German. The Eastern names, generally written according to Ottoman pronunciation, are sometimes left in their uncouth German dress; and the way to make Englishmen hate Central Asia is to put before their eyes such names as Tschihardschuj for Burnes's Charjoee. Why, too, has Dr. Vámbéry told us absolutely nothing of his interesting trip down the Oxus to Kongrad? This omission is unpardonable. There are other minor points which we should like to inquire into. *Samarkand saikal i rú-i zamin ast* should not be translated "the focus of the whole world," but "the lustre." It is strange, too, that the Khivans should call their cakes *pogacha*. This, it is true, is the regular Constantinople word, but it is merely the Latin *foecacia*, a *hearth-cake* (Italian, *foecaccia*), whence it has passed into the South Slavonic tongues as *pogacha*, in Greek as *πυράξα*, and so into the Turkish of New Rome. But it is wonderful to see it in Central Asia. However, we cannot stop for verbal criticism, nor for the capping of Toork verses with the Doctor, and we must now bid him farewell, confident that he will attain success after having done so much to deserve it. But he is a stranger in England, and must beware of the evil eye which attends success here. He has read his Mir Ali Shir, the great poet of Turkistan, and so we wind up with the Mir's advice:—

Har chand mulk i husn zir i nigín i tu 'st  
Shúkhí makun ki chashm i badán dar kemín i tu 'st.

However much the realm of beauty may be under your signet of authority, don't presume upon it, for the eyes of bad ones are lying in ambush for you.

#### UNCLE SILAS.\*

IN a short preface to this book Mr. J. S. Le Fanu enters his protest against the indiscriminate application of the term "sensational" to a large school of fiction which transgresses no canon of construction or morality, and he appeals to the Waverley Novels in defence of his view. No one, he thinks, would venture to call any of Sir Walter Scott's romances "sensational," although there is not one of the whole series which does not contain sensational matter. Even in the *Antiquary*, a novel which professes to paint contemporary manners and the scenes of common life, we have "the vision in the tapestried chamber, the duel, the horrible secret, the death of old Elspeth, the drowned fisherman, and, above all, the tremendous situation of the tide-bound party under the cliffs." The inference to be drawn is this, that a novel may contain incidents of a very startling kind without thereby incurring the imputation of being a "sensational" novel. This is a proposition which no one probably would think of questioning. No one wishes to see the novelist's discretion curtailed. Terror and surprise are perfectly legitimate weapons of his armoury, and they are wielded by the author of the Waverley Novels with signal effect. But there are two considerations which Mr. J. S. Le Fanu, shielding himself beneath the ægis of that illustrious writer, appears to us to lose sight of. In the Waverley Novels the sensational element is balanced and checked by other elements. There is not one in the whole series in which the author aims at reaching his readers exclusively through the emotions. He may move them now and then to horror and pity, but he interests the intellect also by his picturesque description of manners and places, and still more by his masterly evolution of character. In the *Antiquary*, for instance, to which Mr. Le Fanu points so triumphantly as containing matter of the most exciting kind, the ingredients of crime and mystery are very sparingly introduced, and for the most part by way of episode only. The only leading incident which may be considered sensational, in the modern sense of the word, is the Glenallan tragedy; and the proportion which this part of the story bears to the whole work is comparatively small. It is throughout kept in the background, and serves for little more than a peg upon which to hang a series of vivid pictures of Scotch life. The main interest centres in the eccentricities of Mr. Oldbuck and the Monkbarrow surroundings. In the second place, whatever Sir Walter Scott has to describe, he describes in language which, while it is expressive and appropriate, is at the same time sober and chaste. He utterly disdains the spasmodic electrical language which is the note, as Dr. Newman would say, of sensational literature. With the sensational writer it is more an affair of style than of subject-matter, of epithets than of incidents. Suppose, for instance, that the act of osculation has to be described in a novel. The situation demands a kiss. We can easily imagine how Sir Walter Scott would describe the proceeding. Any one who has taken the trouble to dip into the pages of that well of sensationalism pure and undefiled, the *London Journal*, will perceive at once the gorgeous treatment of which this simple incident is susceptible, into what heaving of busts and glueing of lips it becomes at once transfigured. Or, to take an occurrence admitting of a sublimer flight into the heaven

\* *Uncle Silas*. By J. S. Le Fanu. London: Bentley. 1864.

of sensation writing, compare the account of the execution of Franz Müller which appeared in some of the penny papers with that which appeared in several journals of a higher class. The transaction described was the same; the difference was purely a difference of style. It is obvious, therefore, that it is not the nature of the incidents only, however thrilling, but the point of view and vocabulary of the writer which determines whether a narrative is sensational or not.

If, then, we express the opinion that the work before us will not altogether escape the particular criticism which its author most deprecates, Mr. Le Fanu will understand that it is not because the main incidents of his story are unduly horrible or exciting. To be sure, there is no stint of this sort of interest in *Uncle Silas*. Two murders, one abduction, two attempts at abduction, together with several midnight adventures of a very startling kind, constitute an average allowance of horrors; but these things do not make this a sensation novel. It is the volcanic phrases which stud its pages, and the lurid medium through which every incident and personage, whether commonplace or extraordinary, is seen, that appear to us to take it out of the category of the Waverley Novels. There are no intervals of repose in the story. Mr. Le Fanu interposes none of those quiet grey and green tints which Sir Walter Scott employs as a background or foil to his more striking situations. He would probably consider a chapter devoted to rural manners or antiquarian lore a mere waste of power. He is feverishly intent on producing a series of Rembrandt effects. He is always darkening the stage, and turning on the lime light. Seen through this ghostly medium, all the characters, from the principals to the merest supernumerary, appear more or less weird or unearthly. Mr. Le Fanu depicts a state of society utterly at variance with the prosaic experience of every-day life. The English country-house becomes a veritable Castle of Otranto. The British squire has a soul above South-downs and quarter sessions, and is either a dreamy mystic or a polished fiend. The peasantry are in league with the powers of darkness. There is a twist of mystery about the most ordinary personages and transactions. Men of business glide about in glossy black cloth, with vulpine features and hands as brown as a mummy. There are demoniac millers, haggish housekeepers, and tremulous butlers. Mr. Le Fanu possesses an apparently limitless fund of epithets warranted to make the flesh of the most impassive reader creep. He splashes them about wholesale; but perhaps the choicest assortment is reserved for the portrait of a French governess, who is the prime agent of evil in the story, and whose malpractices exceed all that has been ascribed to her class in the wildest hallucinations of the *Morning Advertiser*. Here is the first appearance on the scene of Madame de la Rougierre. The heroine, Maud Ruthyn, was sitting at the window one evening, when, as she relates—

On a sudden, on the grass before me, stood an odd figure—a very tall woman in grey draperies, nearly white under the moon, courtesying extraordinarily low and rather fantastically. I stared in something like a horror upon the large and rather hollow features, which I did not know, smiling very unpleasantly on me, and the moment it was plain that I saw her the grey woman began gobbling and cackling shrilly—I could not hear what through the window—and gesticulating oddly with her long hands and arms.

The grey woman with the gobble did not improve on nearer inspection. Madame had carious teeth, abysmal eyes, and a wide wet grin, and was subject to fits of awful hilarity. Upon one occasion she terrified her pupil by dancing like a mad woman among the graves of a churchyard, with her wig pushed back so as to show her "great bald head," and her garments elevated over her long lank legs, "like a witch joining a Walpurgis." It will readily be surmised that so uncanny a being has been introduced into Mr. Austin Ruthyn's family, and installed as the preceptress of his daughter, with no good object. We gather that she is employed to further some nefarious designs upon the youthful heiress; and, in point of fact, she is acting in the interest of a rather fat and flashily equipped young man, with large light whiskers, a jerry hat, and green cutaway coat, who hangs about the neighbourhood of Knowl. Foiled in an attempt to bring about the abduction of his daughter, she is detected in an attempt to tamper with Mr. Ruthyn's will, and dismissed in disgrace. Shortly afterwards Mr. Ruthyn dies, leaving the sole guardianship of his daughter to his brother Silas. Upon this unknown uncle a cloud of mystery rests, and his niece has learnt to regard him with mingled feelings of sympathy and awe. A dark suspicion of murder attached to his name, and it was to express his utter disbelief of the charge that his elder brother had entrusted his daughter and her property to his care. The scene is now transferred to Bartram-haugh, the country-house of Uncle Silas. For the first time Maud Ruthyn sees her uncle, and finds him an old man with a fearful monumental look, singularly strange phosphoric eyes, black eyebrows, and hair which descended from his temples in long locks of the purest silver, and fine as silk. He was dressed in a black velvet tunic, and wore wrist-buttons, "which glimmered aristocratically with diamonds." By his side stood a long-necked Rhemish bottle and a thin pink glass, and before him was a large Bible, and two broad silk markers, one in the Old and the other in the New Testament. His manners were highly polished, and his conversation was remarkable for a good deal of slight illustrative quotation and a sprinkling of French flowers, which gave to it a character at once elegant and artificial. The impression which this strange personage made on his niece was indescribable:—

I know [she writes] I can't convey in words an idea of this apparition, drawn, as it seemed, in black and white, venerable, bloodless, fiery-eyed, with its singular look of power, and an expression so bewildering—as it derision, or anguish, or cruelty, or patience? The wild eyes of the old man were fixed upon me as he rose; an habitual contraction, which in certain lights took the character of a scowl, did not relax as he advanced toward me with his thin-lipped smile. He said something in his clear, gentle, but cold voice which I was too much agitated to catch, and he took both my hands in his, welcomed me with a courtly grace which belonged to another age, and led me affectionately, with many inquiries which I only half comprehended, to a chair near his own.

Months elapsed, but Uncle Silas remained the same enigma:—

He never scoffed at what was good or noble; his hardest critic could not nail him to one such sentence; and yet it seemed somehow that his unknown nature was a systematic blasphemy against it all. If fiend he was, he was something higher than the garrulous and withal feeble demon of Goethe. He assumed the limbs and features of our mortal nature. He shrouded his own, and was a profoundly reticent Mephistopheles. Gentle he had been to me—kindly he had nearly always spoken; but it seemed like the mild talk of one of those goblins of the desert whom Asiatic superstition tells of, who appear in friendly shapes to stragglers from the caravan, beckon to them from afar, call them by their names, and lead them where they are found no more. Was, then, all his kindness but a phosphoric radiance covering something colder and more awful than the grave?

This tremendous uncle, however, is intent on accomplishing a very low and vulgar object—namely, the union of his rich ward to his own son, an uncouth lout who bore a singular resemblance to the young man with the jerry hat and the green cutaway coat, whose relations with Madame de la Rougierre were so confidential. But, apart from the young lady's aversion to her cousin, there is an insuperable obstacle to the match. Among the mysterious surroundings of Bartram-haugh was an incognito lord, inspired with that lively interest in the landscape for which the disguised nobleman of romance is famous. A mutual criticism of sketch-books soon led to love. But Maud Ruthyn stood in need of a stouter and more vigilant protector than the noble amateur artist. Uncle Silas, failing to effect his object by fair means, determined to resort to foul. There was another alternative besides marriage whereby his niece's fortune might still be secured in the family; on her death during minority, it would come to him as the next heir. We do not mean to divulge the thrilling incidents of Mr. Le Fanu's third volume, but it may whet the curiosity of any intending reader to know that the unhallowed operations of the wicked uncle bring Madame de la Rougierre once more upon the scene, "with her old Walpurgis gaiety, dancing fantastic steps, and holding out with finger and thumb her slammakin old skirt, while she sang some of her nasal patois with an abominable hilarity and emphasis." Without making any unfair disclosure, we may add that the second murder throws considerable light on the old crime of which Mr. Silas Ruthyn had been formerly accused, and that the heroine escapes assassination by a miracle of good luck. The best-drawn character in the book, and indeed the only one which appears to us unexaggerated, is that of Lady Knollys, a cheery cousin of the Ruthyns, who befriends Maud, and is not afraid of giving even the dreaded Silas a piece of her mind. There is a rather comical scene, in which she forces her way into the French governess's bed-room when that lady was shamming illness to avoid an awkward meeting, and unceremoniously unearths her adversary from under the bed-clothes. Milly, Silas's daughter by a *mésalliance*, is a not unpleasant specimen of unsophisticated Derbyshire, but the rusticity is overdone, and the allusions to her short skirts and "navvy" boots are rather too frequent.

In one respect it may be admitted that this work differs essentially from those of what is loosely called the sensation school of novelists. It has none of the ingenious dovetailing and neat workmanship with which those writers have made us familiar. Mr. Le Fanu is too assiduously bent on operating on his reader's nerves, and sending a shiver through his frame, to take much trouble in elaborating details or securing for his narrative strict logical sequence. He is satisfied with dashing in broad picturesque effects, and leaving his reader to supply any link that may be wanting in his chain of incident. Its interest is considerably lessened by the gaps which occur in it. We are left, for instance, to infer the identity of the disreputable bumpkin in the green cutaway coat with the no less repulsive son of Uncle Silas. Nor are the equivocal antecedents of Madame de la Rougierre, and her motive for attempting to tamper with her employer's secret papers, ever sufficiently explained. In the present temper of the novel-reading public, or a large section of it, hints and suggestions are not enough. They like to follow out the track of crime and mystery with the minuteness and particularity of a detective officer. In repudiating the term "sensational" as inapplicable to novels like this, the author invents a new phrase—or rather resuscitates an old one—to describe his work. He calls it a "tragic romance." We do not object to the term, but the true type of the tragic romance, in our opinion, is not the *Antiquary*, but the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. Mr. Le Fanu has much more in common with Mrs. Radcliffe than with Sir Walter Scott. His descriptions of scenery read like passages from that once-favourite authoress. The melancholy corridors of Bartram-haugh are just the place she would have selected for some thrilling adventure. Both revel in the same nightmare effects; both are intent on making their subject-matter yield the maximum amount of vague horror; and this we take to be the purest form of sensational writing.



## THE TUSCAN SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE.\*

THE last six months have been unusually fertile in valuable English contributions to the history of Italian art. Readers will remember our recent notices of the works of Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake, and of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. What the latter writers have done with signal success for the painters is now done for their fellow-labourers in bronze and marble by an American gentleman, who has devoted, we hear, twenty years to the investigation of his subject. As with the Lives of the Painters, this investigation had to be mainly conducted by diligent visits of exploration through the peninsula; for hardly more specimens of Italian sculpture anterior to the year 1600 can be found, even in the local museums, than of the frescoes to which the artists before 1500 committed their best thoughts and their most graceful images. And, out of Italy, excepting in some degree our own recent collection at South Kensington, only a few scattered pieces can be found with authentic right to the names of Donatello, Ghiberti, or Luca della Robbia. Most of the specimens lately bought from the Campana collection by the French Government are simply trash; and we fear that many a cherished Cellini chasing, in private or public hands throughout Europe, must surrender its title before the remorseless logic of facts. Add to this that the illustrations hitherto published of the earlier Italian sculpture (as those in Cicognara and D'Azincourt) are little better than diagrams, whilst for the history we have had to rely upon the vague notices of Vasari, the untranslated essays of Cicognara, and a few scattered lives of Michel Angelo and his contemporaries, in which the characteristics of the age of Leo have occupied a larger space than the art of which they were the last representatives. Mr. Perkins has hence a fair field. The two handsome quartos before us, though complete in themselves, embrace about one-half of the subject which he has undertaken; and we wish him the success to which taste, diligence, and disinterested devotion entitle him. He has not, perhaps, treated his matter with the bold originality and exhaustive research of M. Cavalcaselle, although not a few corrections of popular blunders, and many facts new to the English reader, are here collected; and his judgments are marked by fairness and a true feeling for art. The sketches of Italian history which Mr. Perkins has introduced, if occasionally they lead one away from sculpture, are nevertheless essential to a clear comprehension of the peculiar conditions under which the sculptors worked; the style is clear and pleasing, and the engravings are by far the best with which any recent book of sculpture, at least in England, has been illustrated.

The small city of Pisa was at first, to Italian sculpture, what Florence was to painting. The initiative taken in the former art by Niccolò Pisano was so lately noticed in this journal that we need do no more now than add that, whilst agreeing with Mr. Perkins in his estimate of the probable impulse given by this very remarkable man, we must also concur with Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Crowe in holding that the peculiar antique direction of his art was without effect. At any rate, his son Giovanni, and his distinguished pupil Arnolfo del Cambio (formerly known as Da Lapo), show no clear traces of leaning to the Greco-Roman style of Niccolò. Mr. Perkins gives a good print of the singular allegorical group of the city of Pisa by Giovanni, in which he finds a German or fantastic element; and another of his celebrated monument to Pope Benedict X. at Perugia. This is an excellent specimen of the strictly Christian tomb. The Bishop is laid out on his couch, the curtains of which are held back by angels, his face bearing that peculiar expression—neither precisely of death or of sleep, but rather something midway between these sister-powers—which the early artists were so successful in suggesting. The modern caricature of this species of monument was exhibited two years ago in the cold and inane lifelessness with which a recumbent figure of Lord Herbert was modelled by one of the worst recent offenders in sculpture—Mr. Philip—who, we believe, under the patronage of Mr. Scott, now enjoys the privilege of disfiguring St. George's Chapel.

An interesting sketch of Arnolfo's architectural labours is next given. Several of the most characteristic buildings of Florence are due to him—namely, the Palazzo Vecchio, frowning with mountain weight over that narrow square which is equally rich in art and in historical memories; Or San Michele, a church soon afterwards decorated by Orcagna and by Donatello; and that stately Duomo of which the outside bears witness to the exquisite taste of Arnolfo, whilst the interior exhibits the almost universal inability of the Italians to fathom the secret of the Gothic style. But we must take the liberty to differ decidedly from Mr. Perkins in his statement that the Duomo has gained by the substitution of that clumsy octagon of tiles which Brunelleschi hoisted up to the centre for the combination of spire and arcade and pinnacle which the design of the first architect would have probably given us. Such an error would have been natural in Mr. Joseph Woods, or any of the old-fashioned worshippers of the Renaissance *par sang*; but from one who, like Mr. Perkins, estimates with sense and severity the lifelessness of that once-vaunted movement, we should have expected better things, architecturally speaking.

But we return to the main subject of the book before us, of which, as in the case of Mr. Crowe's, fertile as it is in new facts and judgments of interest, we can do no more than give an outline

which, we hope, will send our readers to the original. The school of the Pisani is succeeded by those sculptors whom our author describes as "the allegorical"—a title to which "the Giottesque" might perhaps be preferable. Andrea da Pontedera heads this school; his nine years' labour on the beautiful gates of the Florentine Baptistery, lately noticed by us, might be a useful lesson to the too often slovenly sculptors of modern England, were they artists in mind as well as in title. Orcagna, Nino of Pisa, and Balduccio are Andrea's best-known followers. Of these, the last carried the Tuscan style northward under the patronage of Azzo Visconti, tyrant of Milan, in which city he has left numerous specimens of his graceful hand. Balduccio's principal work, the lovely allegorical figures of which show Giotto's influence, is the tomb of the so-called Saint, Peter of Verona, in the church of San Eustorgio; the story of whose life, as recounted by Mr. Perkins, is one of the many proofs which medieval history, honestly read, affords that no boast can be idler than that of the Latin communion which appeals so strongly to weak hearts—the assertion of her perpetual unity. Last in this first stage of sculpture we may place the great Orcagna, who, like the majority of the artists here noticed, was not less distinguished for skill in architecture. To this cause the profound effect which the medieval Tuscan sculpture produces upon cultivated spectators may be, we think, justly ascribed. In spite of the praise bestowed by fervent admirers, we must hold that neither the statuary nor the buildings of that period and country reach, with very rare exceptions, high excellence in their respective arts. It is as idle to place the Duomo of Florence on an equality with the Cathedral of Rheims as to speak of the carvings of Donatello or Michel Angelo in the terms appropriate to the work of Phidias. But an effect on the mind hardly inferior is produced by the intimate and vital union between the masterpieces of the delightful sculptors of Tuscany and the architecture which enshrines their treasures. And all our English efforts to restore architecture are hopeless and valueless until we have men sufficiently gifted and trained to model the human form, no less than to design the elevation.

The second great epoch of Tuscan sculpture sees the art fairly transferred to that city which was, at the same time, the centre of painting—Florence. It may be parted into two main sections. In the earlier, the influence of the Renaissance is slightly felt; the religious elements are yet predominant; gradual improvement in studying natural form is perceptible, and grace and life more and more penetrate the bronze and the marble; but the leading wish is to express Christian sentiment in a way which, compared with the Greek, might be called pictorial rather than plastic. Our limits will allow us little more than a list of names. Ghiberti, although so far imbued with the singular and (we must add) the shallow classicism of that age as to date a visit to Rome "in the 440th Olympiad"—a date which naturally defeats Mr. Perkins' powers of calculation, seeing that an Olympiad covered four years—is perhaps the most complete example of the style just characterized. Greater power and variety, with a clearer perception of the limits of sculpture, belong to Donatello, whom the author apparently regards as the central or typical artist of the Florentine school. A bas-relief of "Dancing Children," beautifully engraved after the original at Prato, seems to us to merit this praise more than the somewhat meagre, though famous, "St. George" from Or San Michele. Desiderio da Settignano, Mino da Fiesole, Luca della Robbia and his firm or family, may be grouped with Donatello. The Robbia earthenwares, let us add for the benefit of the vexation of collectors, are now counterfeited with such skill, and in such abundance, that, like those by Bernard Palissy, hardly any certificate of genuineness, except where we can have distinct historical proof, can be trusted. We know of one dealer in Florence who sold six successive reliefs by Della Robbia, from the same church wall, to six too enthusiastic amateurs of ancient Tuscan workmanship. The wise will pay a visit to the Ginori works at Doccia, and content themselves with the same thing at the price of a reproduction; or there are skilful hands, much nearer England, which will supply them with Luca or Andrea at discretion. But we will not dwell on this torturing topic.

Mr. Perkins furnishes a very curious history of the equestrian group of Bartolomeo Colleoni, cast for Venice by the great Verocchio. He gives no small share in this justly celebrated work to Verocchio's successor in completing the group, a certain Venetian—Leopardi. We must demur, however, to some of the praise here awarded to Leopardi, as we can hardly help ascribing to him the head of the horse, which is precisely the least satisfactory portion of the group; although Mr. Perkins is probably correct in assigning the style of the drapery at any rate to Venetian influence. A notice of the similar group modelled by Verocchio's greater pupil, the all-accomplished and all-capable Leonardo, is also given. This is enough to convince us that we have lost the one work of Italian sculpture which might really have borne comparison with the Hellenic, in that model which was destroyed by the French soldiery of Louis XII., as their successors, under Napoleon, defaced Leonardo's "Last Supper." So France "protects the arts"—a protection, let us add, too well appreciated in Germany, Spain, and Italy to require any comment.

After these artists the decline commences. Study of form for form's sake, study of finish for the sake of finish, study of grace as an exhibition of balanced lines, all led the sculptor away from the object of his art—the expression of religious sentiment or pathetic thought through metal or marble. Then came the last and fatal change which, from Pollajuolo to Gibson, Mr. Perkins

\* *Tuscan Sculptors, their Lives, Works, and Times.* With Illustrations. By Charles C. Perkins. 2 vols. London: Longman & Co.

justly considers has practically ruined Italian sculpture. The dead subjects of Greek or Roman mythology were substituted for subjects which appealed to living hearts and heads. In place of the sacred figures of Christian art, we have the foul revel of the Satyr, the heavy extravagance of the Neptune, or the nastiness of the painted Venus. But it is only the earlier portion of this "road downwards" (for no one can deny real, though misdirected, creative power to Pollajuolo, Torrigiano, or Giovanni Bologna) which falls within Mr. Perkins' province. To these artists, with the less important though once European reputations of Sansovino, Bandinelli, and others, he has devoted the same conscientious labour with which he has illustrated their predecessors. But we can only glance at this subject, adding that Mr. Perkins gives—to the dismay, again, of collectors—the brief list of best-authenticated specimens of the base but skilful Cellini, and that his print of the "Jonah," ascribed to Raffaele, fully confirms that impossibility of successfully "cutting in" to sculpture from painting on which we dwell in the course of last autumn.

Michel Angelo is of course the great name—we may truly say, the one and only great name—during the last days of the Tuscan school. Once more, in Mr. Perkins' pages, we traverse that most melancholy of all artist-biographies—the misdirected training, hesitating between the frescoes of Ghirlandajo and the counsels of Lorenzo; the design for the Julius monument of colossal impossibility; years wasted in ignoble dispute, or buried in the quarries of Carrara; the insults of the unworthy, the cabals of the jealous; and last, but alas! not least, in the long series of misfortune, the sensitive nature and obstinate disposition of the misunderstood and unhappy Buonarroti. A sadder picture, we repeat, can be hardly found. Even the Sistine "Jeremiah" of the great painter—greater here, as is now generally recognised, than he was in sculpture—does not express more predominance or hopelessness of sorrow. But the materials for a complete judgment on Michel Angelo have not yet been published, at least in England. The elaborate, but eminently German and narcotic, life by Herr Grimm, of which a translation has just been issued, contains the strange statement that the letters so long preserved by the Buonarroti family have been handed over to the State authorities, with an injunction to forbid any revelation of their contents. Should this irrational entail be broken through (as common sense demands), we may hope to return to a subject which is little likely to lose its interest as a tale, or its importance as a lesson.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.\*

AMONG the many attempts to popularize science which of late years have been increasingly numerous, none has had a more immediate bearing on our welfare than the effort to bring the general facts of our bodily structure and functions within the circle of common knowledge. Instead of allowing the mass of mankind to use their wonderful organisms with dull incuriosity, and to misuse them with dangerous recklessness—satisfied, in cases of emergency, to call in medical aid where a little knowledge would have prevented the necessity of such aid, by preventing the injury—public teachers have aroused an intelligent curiosity respecting the marvels of organization, and have diffused the light of general knowledge, which may help to direct general conduct. A repulsion, which it is not difficult to understand, long prevented men from inquiring into the facts of human structure. Professional exclusiveness for centuries opposed the vulgarization of such knowledge. But a change has come over public feeling, and the profession is now deeply impressed with the conviction that medical skill finds a serious obstacle in popular ignorance, and that patients who have some notion of the laws of physiology will best understand, and most intelligently follow, the prescriptions of their medical advisers. So long as the general facts of life were to be gained only through technical treatises, or through the more arduous and repulsive training of the dissecting-room and laboratory, it was inevitable that the public should remain ignorant and incurious. But now that scores of able expositors have placed such knowledge within reach of every intelligent mind, presenting it in forms as attractive as they are intelligible, there is no excuse for ignorance on a subject of such manifest importance. There are few who do not impair their strength, lessen their efficiency, or shorten their lives by imprudences which it would, cost them little to avoid, but which the want of clear physiological conceptions prevents them from recognising as imprudences. In the nursery, the school-room, the office, and the study, practices which seriously offend against the plainest dictates of physiology are persisted in solely because there is no constant recognition of physiological laws. And if there has been of late years a remarkable improvement in this respect—if sanitary reform, both in public and private, has been able to effect considerable changes—it has been owing to the gradual diffusion of the general facts of life, which men like the late Dr. Southwood Smith, himself a leader in the reform movement, laboured so earnestly and so successfully to propagate.

The *Philosophy of Health*, of which the eleventh edition now lies before us, has proved its usefulness by its immense success; but of course it can no longer hold the same position, in the presence of hundreds of rivals, which it held when the field was comparatively unoccupied. Not only has science made enormous strides since

the earlier editions of this work were published, but the success of the work has called forth numerous competitors. The author did his utmost to obviate the first objection, and endeavoured to remodel his work so as to bring it up to the science of the day. The second objection no efforts could remove. The work thus comes before the critic under two aspects; one purely biographical, in which it is viewed in its personal relations—the other purely practical, in which it is viewed in its relations to the public and the public wants.

Under the first aspect it has many points of interest. Dr. Southwood Smith was a remarkable man, who impressed himself upon his generation, and has left the memory of worthy aims and a well-filled life. The physician who first arrested public notice by a work on the *Divine Government of the World*, and who, as the friend of Bentham, and the leader in sanitary reform, manifested a profound sympathy with many forms of social progress and a keen sense of the evils of popular ignorance, lived rather for the success of noble ideas than for the rewards of wealth and position. With a skill and a reputation which would infallibly have gained a lucrative practice, he devoted his time and energies to the public service, and in his old age found himself displaced by adroit men. He could neither push nor wriggle; and no sooner was an opening made large enough to attract the ambition of energetic men, and the greed of pushing men, than he was brushed aside. *Ote-toi, que je m'y pose*, is the trumpet-call of all competitors in the struggle for place. The benevolence which sweetened his life and that of others, the seriousness and singlemindedness which made him an influence on all who came in contact with him, were accompanied by weaknesses, positive or negative, which unfitted him for success in this struggle. No sooner had he retired from public life than he set to work on the reconstruction of his *Philosophy of Health*, convinced of the great importance of enlightening the world respecting the general facts of physiology. And it is not the least interesting detail connected with this new edition that such a man, at the close of a long life, should have once more become a student with all the enthusiasm of a beginner, and prepared his eleventh edition as other men prepare their first. In the excellent preface which his granddaughter has prefixed to this edition, she tells us how onerous the task of revision proved:—

Modern investigations, aided by the now greatly improved microscope, had brought to light so much that was before hidden in relation to the primary animal and vegetable tissues, that a large portion of the book required not merely correcting, but rewriting. The author became once more a student while consulting the authorities of late physiological research. He was enchanted with the new world opened before his eyes, and more imbued than ever with the desire to make his own work a complete one—to make it simple enough for the unlearned, whilst thoroughly scientific in all points. This labour occupied the last years of his life, and formed its delight. Death stopped his hand before it was quite finished.

Viewing the work, in relation to the public, as one which in the presence of many rivals claims attention, we may say that, without pretending to assign it a position of manifest superiority, we can assign it a position of manifest utility. To those who have no good popular account of the structure and functions of the human frame, it may be recommended as lucid, accurate, and agreeable. It is full without being tedious; and its style of exposition is clear and forcible. Numerous illustrations help the descriptions; and the only serious drawback is the absence of those practical directions which an experienced physician might so easily and so profitably have deduced from the principles he had expounded.

Although the author did his utmost to bring the work up to the level of the science of the day, we need scarcely add that, the level being constantly shifting, an advanced physiologist will notice in this book many questionable and some erroneous statements. It would be out of place here to discuss such topics. We shall only avail ourselves of the opportunity of questioning one or two opinions which are very generally accepted, and which admit, we think, of very simple rectification. The first of these is the stereotyped opinion that Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was received by his contemporaries with base ingratitude—that he "injured his fortune and lost his happiness through the elucidation and establishment of a truth which has given him immortality." In saying this, Dr. Smith only repeats what has been said by thousands, and what will probably continue to the end of time to be said, though it is in flagrant contradiction with the facts. Harvey effected a profound revolution in science. His discovery was not only of paramount importance in itself, but it decisively emancipated men's minds from a servile acceptance of ancient writers. As an innovator, it was inevitable that he should excite the opposition of many conservatives; as a discoverer, it was inevitable that he should provoke criticism. Nevertheless, because his discovery was one which admitted of demonstration, its acceptance was immediate and general. Books were written against the discovery, and some of these were angry; but many more were written in favour of it; and no single book against it was written by his countrymen. So far, indeed, was he from meeting with exasperating opposition or discouraging neglect from the authorities of his own time and country, that he confesses his success with pride in a parenthetic sentence of his work on "Generation," which has been strangely enough overlooked by biographers and historians. "I perceive," he says, "that the wonderful circulation of the blood, first found out by me, is consented to almost by all, and that no man hath hitherto made any objection to it greatly worth a confrontation." Nay, we have only to read the dedication of his

\* *The Philosophy of Health*. By Southwood Smith, M.D. Eleventh Edition. Longman & Co



book to see that his colleagues of the College of Physicians were "in general the faithful witnesses of almost all the instances from which he collected the truth," and were willing to add their testimony to his assertions. Against evidence like this, against the notorious fact of his splendid European reputation, what is the value of Aubrey's gossip about Harvey's countrymen having thought him crackbrained, and where is the evidence of his "martyrdom"?

The second point in Dr. Smith's work which we feel called upon to notice is the metaphysical explanation of the process of nutrition which he, in common with many other teachers, propounds, but which we conceive to be essentially unscientific:—

Exerting upon each other a vital force of repulsion, under a vital influence derived from the organic nerves, urged by the vital contraction of the heart, the particles of the blood reach the extreme capillaries. The tissues are endowed with a vital attractive force, which they exert upon the blood—an elective as well as an attractive force; for in every part of the body, in the brain, the heart, the lung, the muscle, the membrane, the bone, each tissue attracts only those constituents of which it is itself composed. Thus the common current, rich in all the proximate constituents of the tissues, flows out to each. As the current approaches the tissue, the particles appropriate to the tissue feel its attractive force, obey it, quit the stream, mingle with the substance of the tissue, become identified with it, and are changed into its own true and proper nature. Meantime, the particles which are not appropriate to that particular tissue, not being attracted by it, do not quit the current, but passing on, are borne by other capillaries to other tissues, to which they are appropriate, and by which they are apprehended and assimilated.

In the first place, we may remark that the statement of the existence of "a vital attractive force in the tissues" is either a phrase without definite meaning, or is a metaphysical hypothesis wholly beyond verification. In the next place, the assumption—for no attempt is made to furnish any evidence of the fact—that each tissue receives from the blood only those elements which resemble it, all the other elements passing along in the current, and never quitting the vessels till they arrive at the tissues to which they are appropriate, is in opposition to all that is known of embryological development. When we read that the "arterial blood is conveyed by the carotid to the brain, but the cerebral capillaries do not deposit blood, but brain," we are curious to learn whether the brain which is thus deposited has been formed in the circulation by some mysterious *archæus*, or whether the tissue, knowing what materials it will require, selects those only from the blood, and with a wise economy rejects the others. Surely the nourishment of brain, as of every other tissue, is from the plasma which contains nutriment for all tissues; and the selection which takes place is made in the process of assimilation itself, not in the process of blood deposit. Tissues grow by molecular assimilation. The cell which is itself a living organism can only incorporate from the plasma, which bathes it, those elements which are by it assimilable; just as the living animal can only nourish itself with certain substances selected from the wide range of organic and inorganic materials which surround it. But we do not say that nature, in giving us beef and cabbage, salts and cereals, deposits nerve and muscle, membranes and glands; nor can we say that the current of arterial blood which carries all the materials for the nutrition of nerve and muscle, of membranes and glands, deposits these tissues. The ready formed tissues have "an attractive vital force," if by that phrase is simply meant that they grow, and grow by means of attracting to themselves only such elements as are assimilable by them. But this attraction is not exerted at a sensible distance—it acts at insensible distances; it does not separate the constituent principles during their circulation in the vessels, but during the molecular process of assimilation.

There are other points on which we should venture to question Dr. Smith, were this the fitting place and occasion. And he would have been the first to admit the propriety even of what might seem like hypercriticism, for although his work is addressed to the general public, and not to physiologists, he would have desired that nothing should go forth with his sanction which physiologists could justly question. But he is no longer with us to listen and reply to our criticisms; and the public he addressed may be grateful to him for the clearness and attractiveness with which he has expounded so much that is unquestioned and unquestionable.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

NEVER was there a better chosen title than that of M. Philarette Chasles' new book. The *spirituel* librarian of the Mazarine Palace, the eloquent lecturer of the Collège de France, is also, and *par excellence*, a wanderer. Whether he has actually travelled over the world we would not take upon ourselves to determine; but, at all events, he possesses the desirable gift of identifying himself thoroughly with the various subjects about which he discourses, and he seems everywhere at home. It is impossible to take up any work of M. Chasles and leave it unfinished. The beauty of the style carries you insensibly from the beginning to the end, and when the last page is done you feel both surprised and delighted that so much sound learning should be conveyed in such an agreeable form. We need scarcely say, therefore, that the *Voyages d'un Critique*\* is an excellent work, and the literary reminiscences of M. Chasles will assuredly meet, amongst careful readers, with the success they deserve. The first volume, now before us, treats of the East; but it contains, besides,

a preface which must not be passed over. When a writer like the author of the *Voyages d'un Critique* has the rare talent of understanding the complex features of literary characters, and is therefore able to seize, by a sort of intuitive faculty, the distinctive features of intellectual life in many countries, he is immediately set down as a plagiarist, and accused of dealing out second-hand knowledge under the cover of mere verbal polish. M. Chasles has not escaped this imputation; but he refutes it triumphantly, and the esteem in which his works are held alike in England, in Germany, in Italy, and in America, is a sufficient proof of their merit. The Oriental part of the *Voyages d'un Critique* embraces essays on Egypt, Hindustan, Ceylon, Japan, and China. It would be difficult to make a choice where all the chapters are equally interesting; but, from the nature of the subjects treated, English readers will probably turn with special pleasure to the portions of the book which discuss the late Sepoy rebellion, and the insurrection of the Taépings.

M. Julien Daniélo, secretary to the late M. de Châteaubriand, and editor of the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, couches his lance, and challenges to fight all the critics of the noble viscount.\* We say *all*, because thirty years ago Châteaubriand was considered one of the household gods of France, and even in the republican camp he had his admirers. Now, however, the enthusiasm which *Atala*, *René*, and *Les Martyrs* excited has sobered down; and our literary points of view are no longer the same; and thus it is that the army of detractors includes M. Sainte-Beuve, M. Nisard, M. Veuillot, the Prince de Broglie—in fact, all those who formerly would have figured among panegyrists. M. Daniélo naturally feels this deeply; but he has adopted the questionable course of abusing his adversaries, instead of proving that their strictures are not well founded. This tone of acrimony spoils a work which might have been made very interesting; and because M. Veuillot is vulgar and coarse, it does not necessarily follow that M. de Châteaubriand was a man of genius.

In the present unsettled and transitional state of opinion, we seem doomed to witness the revival of all the metaphysical and religious theories which have at various times divided the minds of men. M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, in the preface to his work on Buddhism, had already cautioned us against the reappearance amongst us of speculations copied from those of Calyamuni. We find now the doctrine of the transmigration of souls openly maintained as the only one capable of affording a key to the problems of the universe; and M. André Pezzani, in reasoning from this supposition, follows† the track left by the late M. Jean Reynaud, who, with all his wild theories, was certainly a deep and original thinker. *La Pluralité des Existences de l'Âme* cannot for a moment be placed on the same level as *Terre et Ciel*, but it is a compilation which will enable every reader to judge for himself whether M. Pezzani's "cloud of witnesses" really countenance his heretical propositions. The immortality of the soul is the postulate required by our author. From this he undertakes to demonstrate that the notion of immobility either in reward or in punishment is an absurdity, whilst, on the contrary, the opinion which admits of our final purification and beatitude after a series of probational existences, is absolutely certain, both historically and dogmatically. In support of this view, M. Pezzani invokes the testimony of—1. Profane antiquity (book 1); 2. Sacred antiquity, including the Jewish and Christian theologies, the Kabbala, &c. (book 2); 3. Contemporary writers (book 3). The fourth book gives us the author's own conclusions.

M. Emile Barrault‡ offers us another scheme which must infallibly bring about the happiness of man, and, according to him, it will be our own fault if within a very short time the millennium does not dawn upon us. It is impossible to read a few chapters of M. Barrault's volume and not feel that we are addressed by a man of deep convictions as well as a powerful writer; but really the resuscitation of Saint-Simonism at this time of day is so extraordinary an enterprise that we are led to question whether M. Barrault has not, like the princess in the fairy tale, gone to sleep for the last thirty years, and only just woke up amidst the din caused by the publication of M. Renan's famous book. It must in fairness be added that the work before us is calmly and soberly written. M. Barrault has adopted the form of a dialogue, the various *dramatis personæ* representing Judaism, Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy. We must, however, remark that the Popish doctrines held by *Monsieur le Duc* are very much like those which Pio Nono's Encyclical letter has just condemned, whilst the Unitarian Michaud can scarcely be taken as a fair representative of Protestantism. M. Barrault distinguishes three phases in the progress of Saint-Simonism. The first disciples of the school, and the master himself, did not go beyond the limits of metaphysical speculation; then came those who gave to their theories the form and character of a religious system; finally, the present adepts, endorsing in all its consequences the doctrine of Saint Simon, and thoroughly understanding his thought, claim to be the successful apostles of transformed Christianity.

The fact of twelve editions having been sold in two years proves sufficiently that the publication of Mlle. Eugénie de Guérin's

\* *Voyages d'un Critique à travers la Vie et les Livres.* Par Ph. Chasles. Paris: Didier.

\* *Les Conversations de M. de Châteaubriand.* Par J. Daniélo. Paris: Dentu.

† *Pluralité des Existences de l'Âme.* Par A. Pezzani. 8vo. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Le Christ.* Par Emile Barrault. Paris: Dentu.

journal \* was, at all events, a pecuniary success; but the popularity of such a book also shows that the taste for intellectual enjoyment of a high order has not yet disappeared, either in England or in France. M. Trébutien now completes the pleasant task he had undertaken by giving us Mademoiselle de Guérin's correspondence, the natural and indispensable supplement to the journal. These hundred and fifty letters serve at the same time to illustrate the previous volume, and to bring back once more before us names with which we are now familiar, and which we have learned to love. The letters do not disclose any new feature in Eugénie de Guérin's character, but they are full of genuine feeling, and will no doubt be as cordially welcomed by the public as the journal.

More letters of Marie Antoinette!† The present collection, discovered in Germany and published by the care of Herr von Arnet, includes a period of ten years, beginning with 1770. The letters, one hundred and sixty-three in number, are part of the correspondence carried on between the Queen and her mother. The details they contain are very interesting for the history of France during the first years of the reign of Louis XVI., and they are given with an unguarded simplicity which enhances their value.

If we look attentively at what is going on now in France‡, we may see a double current agitating the public mind. On one side, after twelve years of a reign marked by important events, and not altogether unproductive of useful results, the Emperor apparently feels that his dynasty is still far from having taken root. Personally he inspires fear, and a kind of respect founded upon his unquestionable talent; but that is all. On the other side, the nation desires to regain its liberty, and to preserve in all their integrity the conquests of '89. M. Charles Duveyrier's carefully written work is intended to show that the two terms of the problem are perfectly compatible with each other, and that a concession made to the natural desire of the French people for liberty would consolidate the Napoleonic dynasty, in place of endangering it. In answer to those who assert that a return to Parliamentary institutions would be like launching forth on a dangerous sea without rudder or compass, M. Duveyrier contends that the nation owes to constitutional government the prosperity it enjoys, and that liberty would once more be fruitful of the best results if combined with energy on the part of the executive.

M. Charles Dunoyer takes quite a different view of the political question amongst our neighbours.§ The Second Empire must fall, he thinks, and a second restoration is at hand. The well-known merits of the author as a publicist and a financier, and the rank he occupied as member of the French Institute, will secure to his posthumous work a large amount of attention: and although the point of view from which it is written precludes the possibility of its being circulated amongst those who are most interested in the topic discussed, yet it cannot fail, even in France, to influence public opinion, however indirectly. The fundamental axiom of M. Dunoyer is that a Government founded upon the appeal to the nation is essentially revocable. The dynastic question thus disappears altogether, and if Louis Napoleon wishes to consolidate the rule of his family, he must, as a preliminary measure, change the very conditions of his own power. If we examine into the origin of the new Empire, we find that it sprang from the dread of socialism, and from the want of unity in the Government established after the revolution of 1848. M. Dunoyer then contends that the *coup d'état* was not a necessity justified by the threatening attitude of the Assembly; he explains how its success was accomplished, and he shows us the Empire compromising France both by its foreign politics and by its home administration. In spite of the famous Bordeaux programme, *L'Empire c'est la paix*, Louis Napoleon has made the European imbroglio worse than it ever was before; in spite of his boast of re-establishing order, security, and morality, he has flung wide open the flood-gates of vanity, corruption, and turpitude of every kind. Hence the precarious nature of his rule, and the necessity of a second restoration, originating with a fusion between the two branches of the Bourbon family, and sanctioned by a direct appeal to the country.

For the last nine years M. Louis Figuier has constituted himself the annalist of natural science.|| The collection of his periodical volumes, which has now reached a respectable size, is gradually improving, necessary modifications are introduced, and the series will soon be valued as a faithful register of the discoveries, the inventions, and the theories of scientific men. It is a pretty sure sign of M. Figuier's merit that many competitors have endeavoured to imitate his *annuaires*, and to poach upon his ground; the result of these attempts, however, has always turned out in favour of the original, whilst the copies are speedily forgotten, and go to swell the amazing quantity of waste paper daily poured forth from the press. In the section of M. Figuier's book referring to astronomy, the reader will notice a curious article on aerolites. The *verata questio* of the possibility of predicting tempests and storms is discussed under the heading of meteorology, whilst the no less famous controversy about the Moulin-Quignon

fossils forms the subject of an amusing chapter in the natural history division. M. Figuier's book is remarkably free from technical expressions, and is therefore well adapted to the majority of readers.

The first letter printed in the sixteenth volume of Napoleon's correspondence \* is directed to M. de Champagny, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and bears date September 1, 1807. The last, sent from Saint Cloud, on the 27th of March, 1808, to Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, contains the startling news of the abdication of the King of Spain, and of Murat's entry into Madrid, with the still more startling intelligence that the Spaniards were invoking a *grands cris* the interposition of the French. Napoleon concludes by remarking that the climate of Holland did not suit his brother; that, besides, Holland could never be raised from its ruins; and, to come to the point, would Louis accept the crown of Spain? "Answer me categorically, yes or no." The volume before us contains much that is of real interest both as to domestic affairs and foreign policy. Fouché gets a sound scolding about the rumoured divorce of the Empress Josephine; Madame de Staël comes in for her usual share of abuse; and the periodical press is reminded that nothing like free criticism can be allowed.

The essay prefixed by M. Paul de Saint Victor to the Countess Dash's new romance † gives it a kind of semi-historical character. He reviews the mistresses of Louis XV., and, beginning with Madame de Mailly, he goes through the whole list till he arrives at the Dubarry, that abandoned woman whose court even prelates and noblemen were not ashamed to attend. As for the novel, in spite of the well-known names it summons up before us, it has no merit whatever; and the idea of making the negro Zamore betray Madame Dubarry to the revolutionary tribunal because she would not requite his love is simply a piece of absurdity.

The numerous admirers of the game of chess will read with pleasure the new volume published on the subject by M. Jean Gay.‡ It is, as the title shows, a collection of scraps, anecdotes, odds and ends of every kind, arranged with a certain method, and interesting not only to chess-players but to all those who are fond of wandering through the byways of literature. In the first place, we have, under the names of different countries, local information respecting all possible details connected with the game; then an elastic chapter entitled *variétés*, gives us sundry particulars which could not possibly be classed—a special section being dedicated to the *chessophobes* who, we are glad to say, have never been very numerous. Saint Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, is cited on account of the praise he awarded to the Knights-Templars for their detestation of the game.

The history of bookbinding addresses itself to a class of persons still more numerous than that for whose benefit M. Gay has taken up the pen.§ Binding has grown quite into a mania, and, as M. Fournier remarks, Sedaine's epistle to his coat might just now be indited by many a worthless octavo to the sumptuously tooled morocco which clothes its insipidity. We regret very much that M. Fournier has not added an index to his amusing *Art de la Reliure*; with the exception of this single drawback, the monograph he now gives us deserves to be recommended, and even to be elegantly bound.

M. Théophile Gautier is a delightful travelling companion.|| No one equals him in setting off to the best advantage a picturesque costume, a ruin, a landscape. He paints with his pen, his genius is essentially plastic, and in him the artist almost makes us forget the *littérateur*. The excursions he now relates are four in number. We first follow him to Algiers—the Athens of Africa, as he rather oddly calls it—with its population made up of every possible element, and its semi-barbarous, semi-civilized character. The next chapter contains the description of a royal bull-fight at Madrid; from Spain we go to Greece; and finally we have the narrative of a six days' excursion, beginning at the Lake of Neuchâtel and ending in Brussels.

If M. Gautier's *Loin de Paris* does not extend further than the Piræus, M. Paul Féval is more ambitious, and nothing short of the Australian diggings will satisfy him.¶ His title, too, must be noticed. On reading it we thought of the famous French song, "Eh! gai, c'est la devise"; and we expected to find in the book some Rabelaisian story reminding us of the once famous novels of Paul de Kock. *Roger Bontemps* is, however, essentially tragic. It unfolds before us the adventures of four young men who, in the course of the most erratic life imaginable, and in search of a treasure, are thrown amongst rascals of almost every country under the sun. The coveted prize is neither more nor less than a cask of gold; and for the sake of obtaining it crimes are committed, lives lost, hardships endured. Finally, the house where the booty is supposed to be is blown up, together with twenty persons, including the blackguards of the novel. Unfortunately, the gold is lost, and our four cosmopolites return to Europe with their sweethearts, safe and sound, but as poor as they were on their first starting. Roger Bontemps, the hero, settles down in

\* *Correspondance de Napoléon I.* Publiée par ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III. Tome 16. Paris: Plon.

† *Les Dernières Amours de Madame Dubarry.* Par Madame la Comtesse Dash. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Bibliographie Anecdotique du Jeu des Échecs.* Par Jean Gay. Paris: Jules Gay.

§ *L'Art de la Reliure en France aux derniers Siècles.* Par E. Fournier. Paris: Gay.

|| *Loin de Paris.* Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Roger Bontemps.* Par Paul Féval. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

\* *Lettres d'Eugénie de Guérin, publiées par G. S. Trébutien.* Paris: Didier.

† *Maria Theresa und Marie Antoinette.* Briefwechsel herausgegeben von A. V. von Arnet. Paris: Jung-Treutzel.

‡ *L'Avenir et les Bonaparte.* Par Ch. Duveyrier. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Le Second Empire et la Nouvelle Restauration.* Par Ch. Dunoyer. London: Taffery.

|| *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle.* Par L. Figuier. 9<sup>e</sup> année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.



the capacity of a *notaire* or solicitor, and tries to forget the excitement of bush-life whilst drawing up marriage settlements and disposing of landed property. M. Paul Féval's book is amusing, full of incident, and well written.

The mantle of Pigault Lebrun and Henry Murger has fallen upon M. Charles Monselet. We cannot describe his new volume better than by saying that it is a collection of scenes the only object of which is to excite merriment, and to put us in a thoroughly good temper. He describes the numerous varieties of scolding ladies with singular vivacity. We notice a chapter in which M. Monselet talks pathetically of the time he has wasted in the service of literature. Let us hope that here our author has no sufficient reason for his pessimist views.

A very extraordinary dynasty is that of the Fouchards!† The grandfather is a rogue, and the son a brute. The latter—whom his education, or rather his non-education, has ruined—resolves upon saving, if possible, his own son from the degradation to which he is himself reduced, and wishes to make him a gentleman. In the place where the Fouchards live dwells also a young girl, Marie Soyer, possessing a large fortune, and therefore considered quite a prize. It is settled between the two elder Fouchards that Marie shall be secured for Achille, and, in order to bring this happy consummation about, they manage to prepossess in their favour Mdlle. Chevert, an old maid who has adopted Marie, and will leave her a handsome portion. The heiress, however, is in love with a young man, M. Armand Dusseaux, who is a paragon of true merit; and Mdlle. Chevert, duly enlightened as to the real intentions of the Fouchards, breaks off with the whole dynasty. In a fit of passion Urbain Fouchard murders his father, and Achille, the would-be gentleman, starts for New Orleans, where he dies of the yellow fever. We need scarcely say that Marie and Armand come to the happy conclusion of all deserving lovers.

\* *Les Femmes qui font des Scènes.* Par Charles Monselet. Paris: Lévy.

† *La Dynastie des Fouchard.* Par Marin de Livonnière. Paris: Brunet.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

On Monday Evening next, February 6, the Programme will include Hummel's celebrated Septet for Piano-forte, Wind and Stringed Instruments; Mozart's Divertimento for Two Horns and Stringed Instruments; Dase's Invocation Sonata for Piano-forte alone, repeated by desire. Executants: Madame Arabella Goddard, M.M. Strauss, L. Rice, H. Webb, Daubert, Severn, Fratten, Barrett, C. Harper, Standen. Vocalists: The Misses Wells. Conductors, Mr. Benedict, Sofia Stalla, &c.; 1st, 2nd, &c.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., Keith & Co., and at Austin's, 26 Piccadilly.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D., Conductor.—FIRST CONCERT, March 25. Subscription to the Series of Eight Concerts, 4 guineas. Family Tickets of not less than Four, 3 guineas each. Single Tickets, 15s. each. Tickets for former Subscribers will be ready February 13; for new Subscribers, March 4.—Sole Agents, ANDSON & LECHE, 210 Regent Street.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Members declining to Subscribe, and having Nominations for the Present Season, are requested to notify the same before March 1. THE RECORD of 1864, with a Memoir and Portrait of MAYERSON, will be published shortly. Subscriptions payable at Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., and Ashdown & Farr's, 15 Hanover Square. Letters addressed to the Director will promptly receive attention. The Institute is open to Donors and Subscribers on Mondays, from Two to Four. A valuable Portrait of MOZART, by Barotti, 1770, is now on View, with Autographs of Eminent Composers. J. ELLA, 15 Hanover Square.

**ARTHUR J. BELL** will read Tennyson's "Aylmer's Field," "Grandmother," and Inguldhay's "Old Woman Clothed in Gray," at the Hanover Square Rooms, Monday, February 6. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 3s., at the Rooms. Commence at Half-past Eight. "Knock Arden," Aylmer's Field," &c., Guildhall, Cambridge, February 7 and 8.

**THE REV. JOHN MACNAUGHT, M.A.,** formerly of St. Chrysostom's, Liverpool, will PREACH in Perry (Episcopal) Chapel, Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, on Sunday, February 5, at 11 a.m., on "Christ the Righteous Advocate"; and at 7 p.m., on "Christ the Whole World's Propitiation."

**INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.**—NOTICE.—The FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place, at Twelve o'clock, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London. There will also be Evening Meetings on Thursday and Friday, at Seven o'clock.

Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction; on Practical Shipbuilding; on Steam Navigation; on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting. Naval Architects, Ship Builders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers who propose to read Papers before the Institution, are requested to send immediate notice of the Subject and Title of the Paper to the Secretary; and the Paper itself, with illustrative Drawings, should be deposited at the Office of the Institution, on or before the 25th of March next, in order to ensure its being inserted in the Programme and read.

Candidates for admission as Members, or as Associates, must send in their Applications on or before the 1st of March next. The Annual Subscription of 25 s. is payable on Admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding Year.

\* Volume V. of the "Transactions" is now complete, and in course of delivery to the Members and Associates.

7 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. D. TRICE, Assistant Secretary.

**DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL,** near London. Principal, Mr. C. P. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London.—At the above-named School, BOYS of from Seven to Eighteen Years of Age receive a careful and thorough Education, and are prepared either for the Liberal Professions or for Commercial Pursuits. The youngest Pupils form a separate Preparatory Department. The House is very large, and is surrounded by above Seven Acres of Land, the greater part of which is occupied by the Boys' Playground and Cricket-field. School was Reopened on Tuesday, January 11.—Prospectuses may be obtained on application as usual, or of Messrs. Leslie Brothers, School Bookellers, 100 Aldersgate Street, London.

**THE HERMITAGE,** Richmond, S.W.—An OXFORD GRADUATE, assisted by eminently qualified Teachers, carefully and rapidly Prepares a small number of GENTLEMEN'S SONS for the Universities, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Civil Service. The Junior Department has a few Vacancies.

**GRAMMAR SCHOOL, ATHERSTONE.**

Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP of WORCESTER.

Head-Master.—The Rev. S. KINGSFORD, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's Coll. Cambridge.

The School will Reopen on February 9.

For Terms, and further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION** of Candidates will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in June 1865.

The Competition will be open to all Natural-born Subjects of Her Majesty who, on the 1st of May next, shall be over Seventeen and under Twenty-Two Years of Age, and of good Health and Character.

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—EXAMINATION OF JUNE**

1865.—Copies of the Regulations (which differ in important respects from those issued in previous years) may be had on application to "The Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W."

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.**—Not fewer than 40 Candidates will be SELECTED at the next Examination, which will begin on June 1. COPIES of the REGULATIONS may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, Civil Service Commission, Dean's Yard, London, S.W.

**CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—THREE VACANCIES** at No. 7 St. Stephen's Square, Baywater. Terms, Monthly, "without extra," Fifteen Guineas, including sound instruction in all necessary Subjects, and very superior Residence.—See the PRINCIPAL, for further particulars.

**THE INDIAN AND HOME CIVIL SERVICES,** Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—CANDIDATES** for the India Civil Service Competitive Examinations are Prepared at the CIVIL SERVICE HALL, 12 Prince's Square, Baywater, W., where Instruction is given in all the Branches allowed to be taken up.—Apply for Prospectus, containing List of Teachers, successful Candidates, Terms, &c., to A. D. SPENCER, M.A., 12 Prince's Square, Baywater, W.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, AND THE LINE EXAMINATIONS.**

MR. WREN, M.A. Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by a High Wrangler and other experienced Masters, receives TEN RESIDENT PUPILS. Two (all sent up) passed Fourth and Twelfth at the recent Sandhurst Examination, and the only one sent up for the recent Woolwich Examination has just been admitted into the R. M. Academy, passing Thirty-fourth.—Wiltshire House, Angel Park, Brixton.

**MILITARY EDUCATION** at BROMSGROVE HOUSE, Cropton, under the Superintendence of Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for Nineteen years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain at the late Military College, Addiscombe. There are now TWO VACANCIES, as two Gentlemen have just passed from this Establishment for Woolwich.

**MILITARY TUTORAGE** for FIRST-CLASS CANDIDATES.—THREE VACANCIES.—Monthly: Twelve Guineas, including High Mathematics, Latin, Greek, English, French, History, Geography, Drawing, Or, Fifteen Guineas, with German, Fortification, and Extras.—Address, PRINCIPAL, 7 St. Stephen's Square, Baywater.

**THE REV. J. J. MANLEY, M.A. (Etonian),** Graduate in Honours, Exeter College, Oxford (1842), receives SIX GENTLEMEN for the Universities and Orders.—Two Vacancies.—Address, Cottered Rectory, Buntingford, Hert.

**MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING ESTABLISHMENT** for YOUNG LADIES was Reopened on Monday, January 30.—14 Radnor Place, Hyde Park.

**EDUCATION** for YOUNG LADIES at GRANDSON, Switzerland.—At this Establishment (founded in 1845, conducted by Madame CHAUTEM (Widow of the late Rev. CHAUTEM), YOUNG LADIES receive a thoroughly careful and Christian Education, with the Comforts of Home. The Climate is healthy and agreeable. The Residence is surrounded by gardens and meadows for the Recreation of the Pupils, who are in every respect treated as a portion of the Family. The View is extensive, comprehending the Lake of Neuchâtel, the Alps, &c. Board and Instruction (including German), 1,500 Francs per Annum; or with Piano and Drawing, 1,400 Francs.—References to the ENGLISH CHAPEL of Montreux, Switzerland.

**CIVIL ENGINEERING** and **ARCHITECTURE.**—A MEMBER of KING'S COLLEGE, London, Associate Inst. C.E., Fellow Royal Inst. British Architects, holding Public Appointments, and engaged on important Works on the Sea-coast, has a VACANCY for a Pupil.—Address, ALTRA, 11a Great Queen Street, Westminster.

**TO PARENTS** and **GUARDIANS.**—A LADY (the Wife of a Beneficed Clergyman residing in Berks), of great Experience with Children, and whose Personal Care and Nursing have been the means of restoring many Delicate Children to general good Health, is desirous of receiving a few LITTLE BOYS to prepare for their future School life.—For further particulars, address G. A. W., Post Office, Newbury.

**TO PARENTS** and **GUARDIANS.**—A CLERGYMAN and his WIFE, residing in one of the most healthy parts of Hampshire, are desirous of having the charge of One or Two YOUNG CHILDREN to bring up and Educate with their own. High references can be given, and will be required.—Address, in the first instance, to Messrs. Jacob & Johnson, Winchester.

**A GRADUATE** of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, aged Twenty-two, wishes either to Reside or Travel with a young Nobleman or Gentleman, and would be glad to hear of an ENGAGEMENT. Highest references.—Address, A. B., Post Office, Chippingham, Wilts.

**A WIDOW LADY** of Independent Means, and occupying a good position in Society, is willing to receive into her Home, in the neighbourhood of Belgravia, a MARRIED COUPLE whose habits assimilate with her own. The highest references required.—For particulars, apply to F. H., care of Mr. Hatchard, Bookseller, 187 Piccadilly, W.

**SCHOLASTIC TRANSFER.**—To be DISPOSED OF, in consequence of the Declining Health of the Lady who conducts it, a First-class Flourishing PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the SONS of GENTLEMEN. The Situation is unexceptional, close to the Sea. Gross annual receipts, above £2,000. Terms for Goodwill, £1,000. None but Ladies and Principals will be treated with.—Address, in the first instance, V.Y., Post Office, Beaumaris, Anglesea.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.**—The Committee will proceed to Elect, on or before April 5, FIFTY ADDITIONAL MEMBERS. Gentlemen who have been educated at Charterhouse, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster, or Winchester are alone eligible.—Apply to the SECRETARY, 17 St. James's Place, S.W.

**NEW CLUB.—NOTICE.**—The next BALLOT for Membership will take place on Monday, February 13. Applications to be made to the SECRETARY, at the Temporary Club-House, 41 and 43 Albemarle Street, W.

**THE PRESS.**—A GENTLEMAN, of long Experience, in connexion with a leading London Daily Paper, as Leader-writer, Art and Literary Critic, and Foreign Correspondent, and who has access to the best sources of information on Current Events, would be happy to supply LEADERS, or a DAILY or WEEKLY LETTER, to a Provincial Journal. Principles Liberal and Independent.—Address, G. N., Messrs. Davy and Sons, Printers, 137 Long Acre, W.C.

**TO ASSURANCE OFFICES, PUBLIC COMPANIES, &c.**—A YOUNG GENTLEMAN of Education, aged Twenty-one, wishes to obtain a CLERKSHIP as above. He has had Four Years' Experience in Office duties, and can give unexceptionable references.—Address, ALTRA, Kimpton's Library, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

**COPYING** in MS.—The Rev. J. E. KEMPE, St. James's Rectory, Piccadilly, W., can recommend a First-rate Penman, and a Man of Education and of considerable Extension. Full Particulars will be given to a bona fide Applicant. None but Principals or their Solicitors need apply.—Address, A. B., care of Mr. Charles Brown, 10 Basinghall Street, City.

**A PARTNER WANTED,** with from £3,000 to £5,000, in a Lucrative and Old-Established MANUFACTURING BUSINESS, a few miles from London, that is capable of considerable Extension. Full Particulars will be given to a bona fide Applicant. None but Principals or their Solicitors need apply.—Address, A. B., care of Mr. Charles Brown, 10 Basinghall Street, City.

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**TEMPORARY OFFICES.** (25 CORNHILL, LONDON.  
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This Company has been formed for the purpose of affording to Residents and Visitors to the Fashionable Watering Place of Great Yarmouth the Accommodation of a First Class Hotel, with all the modern appliances for Comfort and Convenience, upon terms adapted to the means of the great proportion of Visitors.

The enormous increase in the number of Season Visitors consequent upon the new facilities given by the Great Eastern Railway Company since the opening of the East Suffolk Line, and the line of Steamers to and from the Continent, has placed the necessity of a commodious establishment beyond doubt.

The Directors are gratified to state that they have concluded an agreement for the purchase of one of the most valuable properties on the Esplanade, upon very advantageous terms, and that the Company will enter into full possession of the ROYAL HOTEL, for many years so well conducted by Mrs. SZELAND, early in the ensuing Spring.

The present House, prior to the ensuing Season, will be re-modelled and enlarged upon the most approved plan, with the addition of spacious new Coffee Rooms and about Forty Bed Rooms, so as to meet the immediate requirements of Season Visitors, and without suspending business for a single week.

The purchase of the entire Freeholds necessary for the enlargement of the Royal Hotel, and the Leaseholder's interest, with the expense of improvements, will be covered by an outlay of about £16,000, a sum upon which the most reasonable estimate of prospective business will enable the Directors to declare a highly remunerative Dividend.

The Royal Hotel will be furnished with every accessory of modern convenience. There will be spacious Public Coffee, Family Coffee, Dining, and Drawing Rooms; Library, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms; Private Dining and Drawing Rooms; Apartments en suite for Families and Servants, and Conservatories. There will be a Table d'Hôte during the Season, and the Terms will be consistent with the different classes of Visitors to this much frequented and fashionable Watering Place.

Nearly all the Joint Stock Companies are paying larger Dividends than other Associations under the Limited Act, and some which had at first inferior chances of success are paying Ten to Twenty per cent. Dividend and Bonus.

The Directors and their friends have subscribed a large portion of the Capital, and they now offer to the Public the remaining Shares.

Applications for Shares to be made to the Bankers and Officers of the Company.

**DAY & SON, Limited.—APPLICATIONS FOR SHARES**  
 cannot be received after Thursday next, the 9th instant. Prospectuses can be obtained at the Office of the Company, 6 Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; at the Solicitors to the Company, Messrs. LARK, KENDALL, & LARK, 10 Lincoln's Inn; or at the Broker's, E. HAZWOOD, Esq., Founders' Court, Lothbury, London.

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The Directors are prepared to ISSUE DEBENTURES for One, Three, and Five Years, at 5, 5½, and 6 per cent. respectively.

They are also prepared to invest Money on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, either with or without the guarantee of the Company, as may be arranged.

Applications for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, 12 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

By Order, JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary.

**SIX PER CENT. DEBENTURES.—The DIRECTORS of the INNS of COURT HOTEL COMPANY, Limited, are now prepared to receive TENDERS of LOANS on DEBENTURES of £50 or £100 each, for the term of Seven Years, at 6 per cent. per Annum.**

The Loan to be secured as a First Charge on the Freehold Property of the Company, the value of which is estimated at not less than £120,000. The sum of nearly £70,000 has been already expended on the Security.

No Tenders will be received after the 1st of March next.

For further particulars, apply to the Secretary, at the Office, 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., who will supply Forms of Application, which may also be obtained from the Company's Bankers, the Agents and Masterman's Bank, Limited, 30 Nicholas Lane, E.C.

By Order of the Board,

H. T. L. BEWLEY, Secretary.

**THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.**—Investments for Large or Small Sums.—INVESTORS may be either SHAREHOLDERS or DEPOSITORS, or both. The taking of Land entirely optional. Prospectuses for the Thirtieth Year, explanatory of the Share, Deposit, Land, and Borrowing Departments, sent free of charge.—Office, 33 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C., where Plans of Fifty-five Estates in Twenty-two Counties can be seen. Buyers of Land need not be shareholders.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

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**FINANCIAL AGENCY.**—Established 1847.—Loans by way of Mortgage on Freehold, Leasehold, or Reversionary Property; Ground-rents, Life Interests, Legacies, &c., purchased; Capital raised for Public Companies. Securities to pay from 4 to 30 per cent. obtained without delay. Solicitors, Capitalists, or others desiring either to borrow or invest may send particulars of their requirements to Mr. HOWES, 11 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

**RAY SOCIETY, Instituted 1844, for the Publication of Works on Natural History.**

Annual Subscription, One Guinea.

Two Volumes will be issued to the Subscribers for the Year 1865. Subscriptions for 1865 are now due, and will be thankfully received by H. T. STANTON, F.L.S., F.G.S., Secretary, Mountfield, Lewisham, near London, S.E.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND MERCHANTS ABROAD.

**MR. WILLIAM TEGG** begs to inform Booksellers, Merchants, &c., that he will be happy to supply his own Books, and every description of Goods, upon the most Liberal Terms (to Credit upon a Reference in London). His long acquaintance with the various markets will insure to the purchasers the Cheapest and Best Articles. A Catalogue of Standard Works, Prints, &c., sent free to all parts of the World.

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**ROYAL-EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Royal**

Exchange, London, January 25, 1865.  
 The Court of Directors of the ROYAL-EXCHANGE ASSURANCE do hereby give Notice, that a GENERAL COURT of the said Corporation will be held at their Office at the Royal Exchange, on Wednesday the 8th of February next, from Twelve o'clock at Noon till Two o'clock in the Afternoon, for the Election of a DEPUTY-GOVERNOR, in the room of JAMES SEWELL HANCOCK, Esq., elected SUB-GOVERNOR, which Election will be declared at such time as the General Court shall appoint to receive the Report of the Scrutinizers.

The Chair will be taken at Twelve o'clock precisely.  
 N.B. Printed Lists of the Proprietors qualified to Vote will be ready to be delivered at the Office on Saturday, the 4th of February next.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.****THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

Constituted by Special Acts of Parliament. Established 1825.  
 Governor.—His Grace the Duke of BUCKLEIGH and GREENSBERRY.  
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Approaching Division of Profits.  
 The Seventh Division of Profits is appointed to be made at November 15, 1865, and all Policies now effected will participate.

The Fund to be divided will be the Profits since November 15, 1864. A Policy effected now will not only participate in this Division, but will secure one year's additional Bonus at all future Divisions over later Policies.

The Standard is one of the largest and most successful of the Life Assurance Institutions of Great Britain. Its income is above £400,000 per annum, and its invested Funds exceed £2,500,000 sterling.

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Information can be obtained at the Company's Offices, or from the Agents in the Principal Towns of England, Scotland, or Ireland.

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Full particulars and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Secretary.

Offices, 73 Chesapeake, E.C., Jan. 7, 1865. EDWARD WEAVER, Secretary.

**ILKLEY WELLS HOUSE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, near Otley, Yorkshire.**

—Resident Physician, Dr. WILLIAM PHILIP HARRISON.—The absolute purity and extreme dryness of the air of Ilkley are too well known to require comment. An equable temperature is preserved in the spacious Corridors by Stuart & Smith's Patent Apparatus, rendering this superb Mansion a desirable WINTER RESIDENCE for the Invalid, at which Season the Treatment is equally efficacious with the Summer.—For Prospectus, apply to Mr. SACHAN, House Steward, as above.

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Baywater and Paddington.—Mr. Key, 16 Westbourne Place.  
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